

HURDY-GURDY SOCIETY—By Robert Cortes Holliday

APRIL 22, 1922

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Leslie's



What the Wild Waves Are Saying!

JUDGE'S RADIO NUMBER

*Oh,
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Radio
Fans!*

WILL

SELL OUT SOON!

J.U.D.G.E.
Talking!

Place
Your
Order
Now!

Tune in early for

JUDGE'S WIRELESS NUMBER

It's Full of Laugh Waves!

OUT
April 22

Heywood Broun
Donald Ogden Stewart
George Jean Nathan
William Allen White
Walter Prichard Eaton

.....
.....!

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"These modern minstrels carry their own skillets for bite and sup."

Hurdy-gurdy Society

By Robert Cortes Holliday

Illustrated by Walter Jack Duncan

I DON'T know whether the place where hurdy-gurdies go at night would rightly be called a livery stable or a garage or a hangar. However, if you go down behind the vast, gleaming white, semicircular Municipal Building in New York you will come upon a dingy little street of a couple of blocks in length called City Hall Place. This frowsy little alley-like way goes at an incline downhill in the general direction of the Bowery. You are very likely to see disappearing into it a picturesque shapeless female figure balancing a load of kindling wood on her head.

In the afternoon this little by-way is a busy place, filled with chugging automobile trucks being loaded by strenuous, brawny characters and amid much hubbub with great bales of newspapers, copies of the *New York Evening Mail*, hot from the building of that newspaper here on City Hall Place. A few steps along the sidewalk is the establishment

of a firm of "fresco painters and designers, and manufacturers of statues and altar pieces of all descriptions." Around about are various gritty warehouses, the place of a firm of electrotypers, the shop of a small undertaker, of a locksmith, with a large key before the door as a sign, and of a manufacturer of coffee roasters. Across from the *Mail* building, at one side of it a one-story schoolhouse, which looks most decidedly like a miniature Tombs prison, with a flag pole on top and one window broken, and on the other side of it a depot for flour, is a ramshackle brick tenement with double doors like a stable. Closed and locked with a big padlock, most of the time, these doors. Place looks to be deserted within.

But if you should happen to be passing through City Hall Place after dark (as it is highly improbable that you would be) you might notice a very faint light coming from a lantern hung behind the very dirty window beside these doors. From

around the corner comes a queer, shadowy apparition, moving rapidly. As it approaches it makes a great rattle over the cobblestones of the street. It looks like a little hearse, shrouded in a tarpaulin, the figures of a man and a woman bending far over forward straining abreast at the shafts. A peasant team of rustic Europe. As in the heavy dusk this bizarre vehicle bounds up the curb of the sidewalk one of a gang of rowdy boys cavorting near by races about the rear of it, is seen to twist a crank there, and a tinkle of tin music cuts the air.

As the exotic team halt their machine before the tenement with the bleary lantern eye and the man unlocks the double doors you notice that he has but one arm. You make so bold as to trail in after the caravan. At the rear of the long room rises a phalanx of dark shapes which you recognize to be rows and rows of hurdy-gurdies. Here and there is some other kind of wheeled object. The man has



"A permit for a monkey cannot now be obtained in New York."

turned up the light a bit. Ah, yes; one of these contraptions mounts an umbrella. The body of it contains a large can, and in front of that a little wooden case with a glass lid. On its side are the words: "Louis. Ice Cold Lemonade, 2c and 3c a glass. Hot Frankfurters, 5c each." On the umbrella is painted the legend: "Wear —'s Hats. None better made." So this is where *they*, too, go at night, these traveling refreshment carts!

By way of apology for your intrusion you ask the man, with green flannel shirt, blue and white bandanna about his neck, where the person is who has charge of this place. "You wanta find?" he asks, throwing his palms outward in a gesture to indicate that, as the phrase is, you can search him. Well, how is business? "Oh, can't kick." And another gesture which implies that, so to say, he washes his hands of destiny, and accepts without murmur what the gods provide. How long has he been in the hurdy-gurdy business? "Fifteen year." Makes a gesture which you interpret to mean that this is life. What did he do before that? He motions toward his stump of an arm as though the answer to that were obvious. Says: "Work in shop." Where does he live? "Baxter Street."

His consort here enters into the conversation. A much more lively and communicative person than her stoic philosopher. She clinks her tambourine now and then as she talks. A rosy-cheeked, full-bodied figure, snapping black eyes, a crim-

son scarf as a headdress. She is a Genoese, you learn; most (shall we say?) organists are, particularly the women. Yes; they mostly live on Baxter Street. They start out at seven, eight, nine in the morning. Go, oh, everywhere! Up in the Bronx, Riverside Drive. Thirty miles a day sometimes. Five dollars a year is the license, good for all Boroughs. No; no regular beats. Come back about half past nine or half past ten o'clock. That is about the hour, you gather, that the authorities desire that they stop playing. No; they don't work on Sunday. Sure; there are other places around here

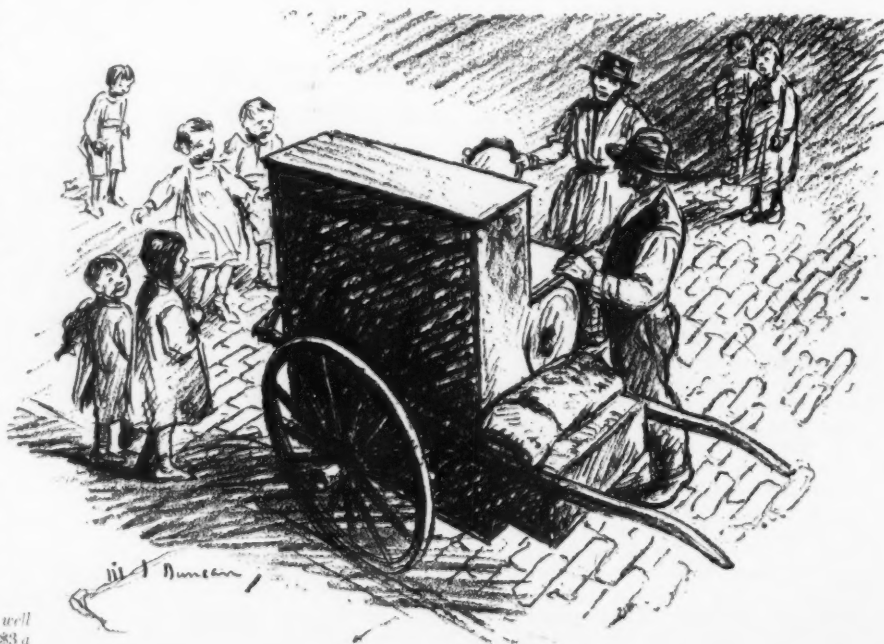
where organs are stored; one on Pearl Street, just off the Bowery. Two dollars and a half a month they pay here to put up the organ at night. He is never around, the boss, except on the first of the month, when he is here all day, to collect rent. In the winter?

Oh, they go out then, too! When it isn't too cold. Yes; they own the organ themselves. In Brooklyn they are sold, big factory beats. It is difficult for you to catch exactly the name of this concern. Sounds as though it began with "Mule." No; business is not what it was, nothing like. Used to sometimes get nickels, and even occasionally dimes and quarters. But now, people no working; what can you expect? You feel some delicacy about asking the lady point-blank the amount of her income.

But as you go away you recall some of those highly romantic newspaper stories you have read. There was one Pietro, aged sixty-two, who a number of years ago was reported to have sailed on the

Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, going first to Hamburg, thence to Paris, thence to Italy; with \$40,000 he had saved in fifty years as an organ grinder throughout the United States, Canada and England. He ate one meal a day six days a week, it was told; never ate nor worked on Sundays; and had acquired a habitual backward tilt of his head from perpetual squinting for pennies from upper windows. Then some time ago there was that building sold, near the corner of Park and Mulberry streets, for \$85,000; man who bought it, it was stated, had ground an organ in New York for twenty-five years. You decide, perhaps, to further pursue your studies of the hurdy-gurdy world.

'Twas one of those cross streets where in Mayor Hylan has declared They Shall Not Pass; that is, it was fenced off from traffic by the sign: "Mayor Hylan's Committee of Recreations and Playgrounds. Street Closed." Beyond the sentinel board, as I happened to be going by, two juvenile clans were met and mixed in violent combat. Yells, missiles and shrieks filled the air. Kicking legs and striking arms littered the field, or (more literally speaking) pavement. Down the main thoroughfare at a jog-trot came a festive-looking vehicle. Suspended from the horse's neck a tinkling bell. A circular awning with gayly scalloped edge above the craft, and rising from this on poles floating pennants. Cries the burly driver to his boy companion, "Here's our chance!" and pulls up to a halt alongside the raging battle. He leaps down, lowers a ladder of three steps between the back wheels, the boy begins with much spirit to crank a wheezy organ just behind the seat in front, and the hurdy-gurdy merry-go-round begins to revolve. The beves of combatants suddenly cease to combat, turn an array of surprised and frequently somewhat damaged faces toward the gala spectacle,



"A hurdy-gurdy couple are doing well nowadays to take in as much as \$3 a day."

countenances which electrically fill with delight, and then the youthful multitude begins to come helter-skelter toward the carnival of peace. In reply to my inquiries the proprietor of this grandiose outfit informed me that new it cost \$1,650, and that his expenses to stable it at night together with feed for his horse are sixty dollars a month. His charges to customers are one cent a ride.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Trovatore* did you dream

Of the City when the sun sinks low,
Of the organ and the monkey and the many-colored stream

On the Picadilly pavement, of the myriad eyes that seem

To be litten for a moment with a wild Italian gleam

As *A che la morte* parodies the world's eternal theme

And pulses with the sunset glow?

So Alfred Noyes in his piece, "The Barrel Organ." But if Jocko is still along Picadilly he has, alas! long since vanished from Manhattan. What a delicious star comedian he was when, in the days of yesteryear, whole neighborhoods came out to relish seeing him in his gorgeous ruffled and befrogged jacket receive with a flamboyant bow the pennies in his pointed velvet hat! And when he would shin up the side of a house to welcome at upper windows, what a hilarious cheer! The reasons for his passing from the metropolitan scene and whither he has gone I did not learn until I had got to that celebrated "factory" in Brooklyn.

One may at length find it, with persistence and by luck, in the somewhat squalid neighborhood of the ferries on the Brooklyn shore. Woolworth-tower-ian yellow chimneys near by. On a short little street paved with brick. A leaning lamp-post and a badly dented ash can before the door, to which you mount by a flight of wooden steps. A three-story brick building, with a broken window, and rather prettily overgrown with ivy. On the front was once painted: "G. Molinari & Sons, Man'rs of Carousel Organs, Acting Pianos." On one of the walls within the large dusty workroom covering the first floor hangs the picture of the ingenious Gaviole, the Italian cabinet-maker and music master, who, the visitor is told, some seventy-five or more years ago, made the first single-pipe, seven-



"When the first breath of chill arrives in this climate of rigorous winters . . . they make Charleston a starting point . . . for a grand tour."

tune hand-organ ever put on the streets. An Italian immigrant at work on cases for stereopticon views and light carpenter work in New York took up the idea, experimented with it at odd times, and eventually, about thirty-five years ago, established the first American industry of manufacturing instruments of this kind. His sons, strikingly American in speech and ideas, now cater to the descendants of their father's first customers.

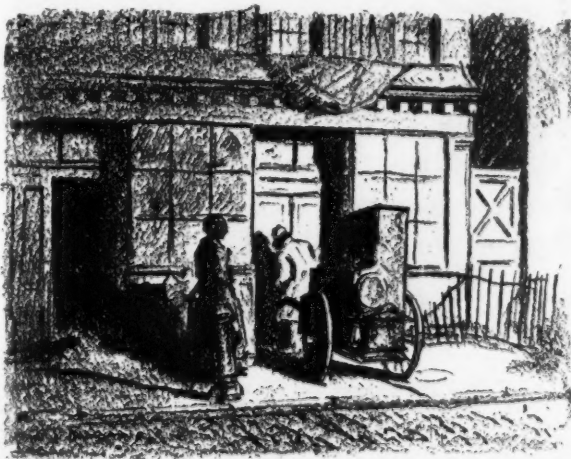
The cost of a hurdy-gurdy, new, is \$350. It is something of a weight to trundle throughout the day, weighing, wagon and all rigged up, about 400 pounds. It carries ten or twelve tunes.

Responsible parties may rent one for from twenty-five to thirty dollars a week. The Salvation Army a couple of times or so a year hires about seven or eight for use in its "drives," in which (I was told at the National Headquarters on Fourteenth Street) they are pretty effective.

Hurdy-gurdies, as you have noticed (rented ones), are also employed by the publishers of the latest jazz and sob-stuff songs, to advertise their wares. Children's "homes," such as that of the *Christian Herald*, occasionally purchase a hurdy-gurdy. The purchaser or the renter may select his own tunes; if what he wants is not in stock he may order it made for him.

But they don't make 'em an, more, hurdy-gurdies. Demand became too small. What they make now, my cicerone said, is the "little ones," that is the "monkey organs," those mounted on a stick and carried on the back. Very shiny, and twenty pounds lighter than the old-fashioned ones. New, cost \$150, though some may be obtained for as low a price as twenty-five dollars. It is a sad thing, but the organ-grinder business no longer flourishes in New York. A hurdy-gurdy couple are doing well nowadays to take in as much as three dollars in a day. And a permit for a monkey cannot now be obtained in New York. Reason: well, for one thing, organ monkeys had sometimes come to the attention of the police department as having in some way acquired a good deal of skill in stealing things from apartments which they entered by upper windows. And then, also, it has not been found profitable to keep them in this climate; in winter Jocko is very apt to take cold and die, when all the time and trouble spent in training him is lost.

But the pleasant life, nevertheless, for
(Continued on page 553)



"The place where hurdy-gurdies go at night."

PERSONALITIES PICTURED



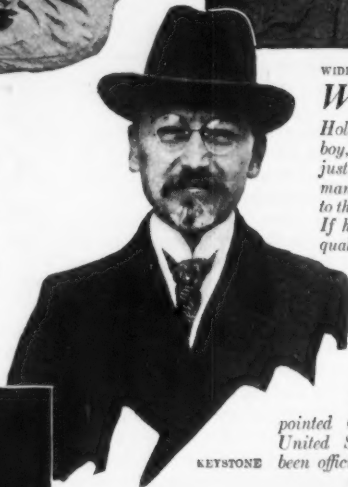
WIDE WORLD

HEAP Big Injun Artist! Lone Wolf, one of the Blackfeet Tribe from Glacier Park, Montana, who has made a hit in New York with his exhibition of paintings of Indian and cowboy life. He began painting way out West on buckskin, bark and buffalo shoulder blades in the aboriginal mode. Now he uses canvas and his picturesque style seems to have captivated Eastern art devotees.



KEYSTONE

CAN you imagine a girl of eleven occupying a pulpit and preaching a religious sermon every week? This girl does. She is Jessie Ann Vichestain and she conducts religious services every Friday evening at the South Side Mission in Pittsburgh, Pa. She holds a license to preach and this summer will conduct a series of children's evangelical services in New England.



KEYSTONE

WIDE WORLD

WILL he ever command a battleship? Emile Treville Holley, seventeen-year-old negro boy, from New York City, has just been nominated by Congressman M. C. Ansorge for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. If he passes the examination and qualifies, he will be the first of his race to do so.

HERE is Bernstorff's successor. He is Herr Otto Wiedfeldt, chairman of the famous Krupp works in Germany, who has been appointed German Ambassador to the United States. His designation has been officially approved by the Government at Washington.



KEYSTONE

WILD joy riding is taboo in Michigan. Recently John Dural Dodge, youthful millionaire, got a five-day jail sentence in Detroit for auto speeding and soon afterward was put on trial in Kalamazoo on other charges growing out of one of his "high speed" midnight excursions during which a girl jumped from his car.

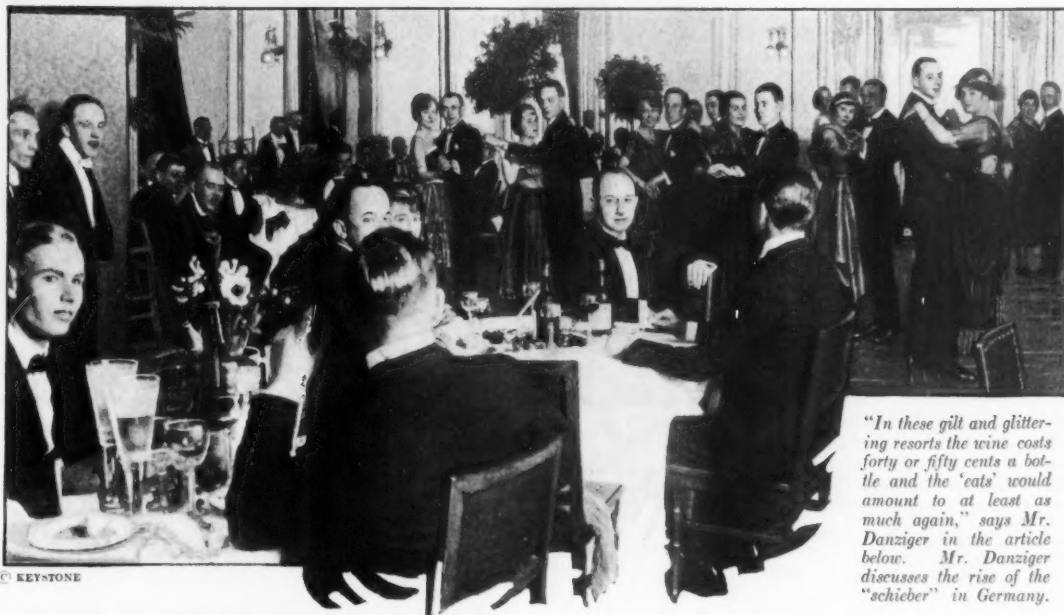


P. & A.

THIS shows how Representative Washington J. McCormick of Montana "peps up" for his legislative duties in the House of Representatives. The camera caught him at the rowing machine in the House gymnasium in Washington, where he and some of his colleagues keep in physical trim.

Marks—and Easy Marks

By Joseph Danziger



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"In these gilt and glittering resorts the wine costs forty or fifty cents a bottle and the 'cats' would amount to at least as much again," says Mr. Danziger in the article below. Mr. Danziger discusses the rise of the "schieber" in Germany.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Danziger, the author of this article, is an American journalist and student of economics, who has lived in Germany before and is there now. He is familiar with Germany during its pre-war, war and post-war phases and has, therefore, an excellent perspective from which to judge of its social conditions to-day.)

PRE-WAR Berlin society was built up in stratified castes as numerous and parti-colored as the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. At the top of

the heap was the All-Highest; immediately below the slightly less altitudinous nobility easily recognized by their uniforms as officers of the guard, or if in mufti they never failed to display a coronet on the scarf pin and a supercilious air; below these were the ordinary officers and the lesser nobility; then came the professional classes—they, too, could be recognized in public by their shaved heads covered with the scars of student duels which they displayed with much the same naïveté as the Hottentot adopts his peculiar facial adornment.

Below the head-shaved class and arranged in regular tiers in a descending scale come the nonentities: merchants, artists, clerks, craftsmen and laborers.

War and revolution have changed all this, and now there is only one order of social distinction—the Schieber. A schieber is anyone with wit and cunning enough to make money on a shoestring by taking advantage of present anomalous economic conditions. There are numerous ways of doing this so long as the mark continues to drop, and the mark keeps on declining in exact proportion to the speed attained by the government printing presses. The latter are worked night and day at the top of their output producing hundred mark notes.

Thus, present-day Berlin

society consists of schiebers and non-schiebers. The latter are in the preponderant majority and oh! how they hate the schieber who can spend thirty or forty cents for a lunch—just like that! A non-schieber must have a pretty good executive position if he enjoys as big a salary as twenty-five dollars a month which just about pays for his actual necessities. He must hold a family council before he can think of taking his wife to a better class restaurant where wine costs fifteen or twenty cents a bottle. But if he should decide to go out for an evening's entertainment his fun is spoiled and the canker of envy enters his soul at the sight of the schieber at an adjoining table, or in the best seats at the theater, who thinks nothing of squandering five or six dollars in the course of an evening of riotous living.

Strictly speaking, the schieber is nothing more than a bear on the German exchange market. He does not need any tips to regulate his deals. He simply goes past the government printing office some evening, observes that the night shift is at work, listens to the presses rumbling at top speed and he knows that the mark is headed for another decline. He, therefore, acts accordingly. I know of one schieber who started with no more capital than good judgment and a few hundred thousand—say about a half peck of hundred mark bills. He paid a deposit on a large order of electric light bulbs. He then circularized the merchants in adjoining countries with higher rates of exchange, Czechoslovakia or Rumania, for instance. Prices were quoted in the money of these countries and at a considerable discount below the



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To-day in Germany a salary of fifty thousand marks is barely enough for the ordinary needs of a small family living simply. The plight of those who receive small wages may be imagined. The poor live where they can—anywhere and everywhere. Many are existing in cellars. Some have found shelter in rotten old barges on the river. Thousands, like the poor souls in the picture above, are managing to keep body and soul together in the worst sort of hovels.

factory rates. Orders piled in on him and delivery was made according to agreement three months later. In the meantime the exchange value of marks had fallen and the schieber made a good haul.

The non-schieber rails at this method of "profiting by the national calamity" and devotes the rest of his time trying to devise some scheme that will enable him to do a little schiebering on his own account. Perhaps he knows of some excellent plan but lacks the needed capital by a pint or two of marks. Nor is this method of measuring marks by cubic content nearly so fanciful as it may seem. Peasants are making money by the bushel. Their products are one thing in Germany that is priced at gold value, but they receive payment in paper marks. What with seed time and harvest and all the other matters a peasant has to busy himself about, they never find the leisure to count their money. European peasants are notorious for their aversion to banks or securities and they also dislike the inquiring mind of the tax collector. They used to hoard all available cash in an old sock, but this is no longer possible owing to the limited capacity of the standard human sock. So they have acquired the practice of baling their currency, and because there is no time to count it their neighbors will tell you that a certain peasant is worth so many pounds, not pounds sterling, but avoirdupois pounds.

If my postal scales is correct, a hundredweight of hundred mark notes is equal to four million paper marks. What this amounts to in real money is too much trouble to figure out. But there are many peasants who are said to have stored away several hundredweight of currency and as a consequence the peasant shares with the schieber the loathing and disgust of all Berliners who have not engaged in some line of schiebering of their own.

Hundreds of billions of marks have merrily issued from the presses since the Armistice. They are not conspicuous in circulation and when a thousand mark bill, or about \$5 at the present rate of exchange, is offered at a shop in payment for a small purchase it occasions great excitement. The bill is passed from hand to hand, carefully scrutinized by all, and



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Everyone in Germany is not a "schieber." While the quick-witted money-makers are living in luxury and having the time of their lives, the "other half" are suffering in a thousand different ways. In the poorer sections of the great German cities all of the tenement houses are overcrowded, and often an entire family is forced to occupy one tiny room, intended for two people. This snapshot was taken in a municipal lodging house, where the rent is fairly reasonable.

after consultation with the boss is cautiously accepted, if, indeed, there is enough change in the till. The money that so far has evaded the old stocking or bed-tick of the peasant and is in actual circulation amounts to a very small percentage of the outstanding currency.

So far as the schieber is concerned he, at least, keeps his money in circulation, as may be proven by visiting one of the numerous American bars in Berlin, so called because there was nothing like them ever seen in America either before or after July 1, 1919. Many proposals have been made for forcing the hoarded currency into circulation so that further inflation may be avoided. But the peasants object to any such procedure, and as they are well organized and a power in politics, which the middle class is not, nothing has resulted from these well meant plans. Furthermore, any suggestion of forcible deflation arouses the opposition of the schieber, while the

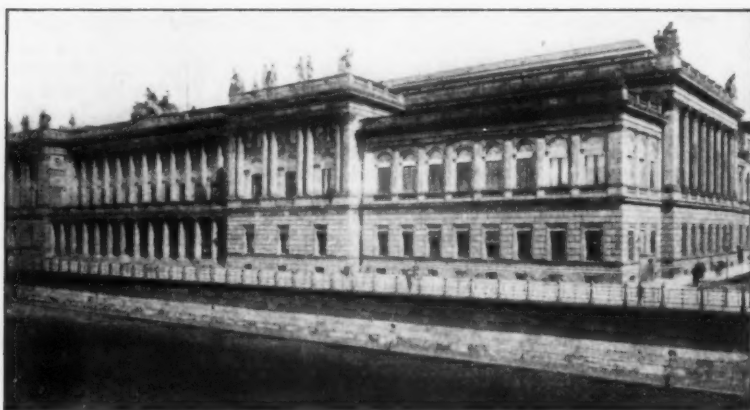
powerful junkers line up with the peasants when some bold reformer suggests a land tax.

The government, in the meantime, remains in a Micawber-like attitude, waiting for something to turn up. The situation is further aggravated by the squandering of money on superfluous officeholders, just as though the treasury were overflowing and there were no reparation bills awaiting payment. "Divide and rule" is the maxim of this government. The big interests do the ruling and dictate the internal politics while the boys of the social-democratic party provide the man power for public snaps and divide the spoils. There are twice as many official appointees on the pay rolls now as there were at the close of the war. "Few die and none resign."

Beside the socialists, all of the officials who were previously employed in Alsace-Lorraine and the territory ceded to Poland and Denmark have been brought to Germany so that their salaries may not cease on this earth.

The amazing waste of human energy is not confined to public institutions. Let me describe a visit to the bank. It is the second largest bank in Germany, and should be a model of efficiency, and so it is according to German standards. At the entrance there stands a two-fisted man over six feet tall, who has no other occupation in the world than to remove his cap when I or other customers pass him on their way to get their weekly bundle of money. I may be permitted to remark in this connection that although I am but a humble scribe, who ekes out a more or less honest living by means of his typewriter, nevertheless it requires a bundle of German money to keep my wife and me for a week.

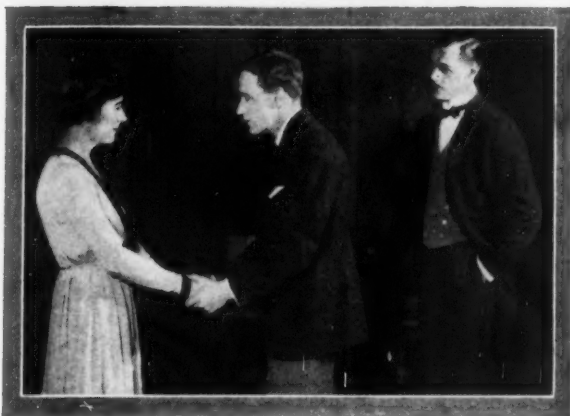
I pass the bowing welcomer to go through a large reading-room where customers (Continued on page 552)



© KEYSTONE

The Berlin Bourse. If, in July, 1914, a prophet had announced to the gentlemen who work here that in 1922 a Yankee dollar would be worth more than three hundred marks there would have been much loud laughter. A world war plays the cat and banjo with exchange—as everybody knows to-day.

PLAGIARISM DRAMATIZED



ISOBEL (Alexandra Carlisle), the younger daughter of the great Oliver Blayds; her discontented nephew, Oliver Blayds-Conway (Leslie Howard); and, at the right, A. L. Royce (Gilbert Emery), who has been Isobel's admirer for nearly two decades.

PHOTOS BY
IRA D. SCHWARZ



MARION (Vane Featherstone), the elder daughter of Blayds, and her husband, William Blayds-Conway (Ferdinand Gottschalk), who is the poet's secretary and aspires to become his Boswell.



IN "The Truth About Blayds," the new comedy by A. A. Milne, which recently had its Broadway premiere, the dramatic climax occurs when Isobel tells the rest of the family that their late father was not really the great mid-Victorian poet everybody believed him to be, but that his literary fame and his wealth were derived from stolen poems.

THE famous Oliver Blayds (O. P. Heggie), whose ante-mortem confession to his younger daughter that he had been a life-long plagiarist furnishes the motif for the delightful English play Winthrop Ames has just produced in New York.



SEPTIMA BLAYDS-CONWAY (Frieda Insecort) and her brother Oliver, the modern-day grandchildren of "the aged and celebrated Oliver."

Who'll Put Salt on His Tail?

By
Montrose
J.
Moses

THERE is great excitement down in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Someone has spread the news that the plesiosaurus, a rare monster, an amphibian of the Jurassic period, has been seen cavorting in the waters of an Andean lake. Though the fossil remains of this prehistoric reptile grace the halls of many of our natural history museums, Mr. Plesiosaurus has not been seen alive for some hundred million years. He has been rarer than the dodo bird.



This is the way an ornitholestes seized an archaeopteryx in the days of the Jurassic period. An ornitholestes was a small dinosaur, one of the reptiles that roamed the earth during the period geologists estimate was about 100,000,000 years ago. The one in this picture was about six feet long. The archaeopteryx was one of the species of birds of that prehistoric era.



© AMN. MUS. NAT. HISTORY. PAINTED BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT

Will the scientists find a monster like this in Patagonia? This picture shows an American plesiosaurus getting its fish dinner—or perhaps it was breakfast. It is this type of giant reptile that is reported as having been seen recently in South America. This species flourished, too, during the Jurassic period and the one shown was about forty feet long. The restored skeleton of one of these huge reptiles is now in the famous American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

He lived in the age of reptiles, long before man was ever thought of, when the tropical earth was inhabited by monsters in the sea and on land; when the air was filled with peculiar flying reptiles, like gloriously magnified bats, and like airplanes, only larger and swifter. Now, suddenly, without any warning, an English traveler, while hunting in the Andes, spied the heavy tread of this monster on the flattened vegetation. Following the trail, which was as though a tremendous armored tractor had cut through the brush, he came to the shore of the lake, just in time to see a live thing,

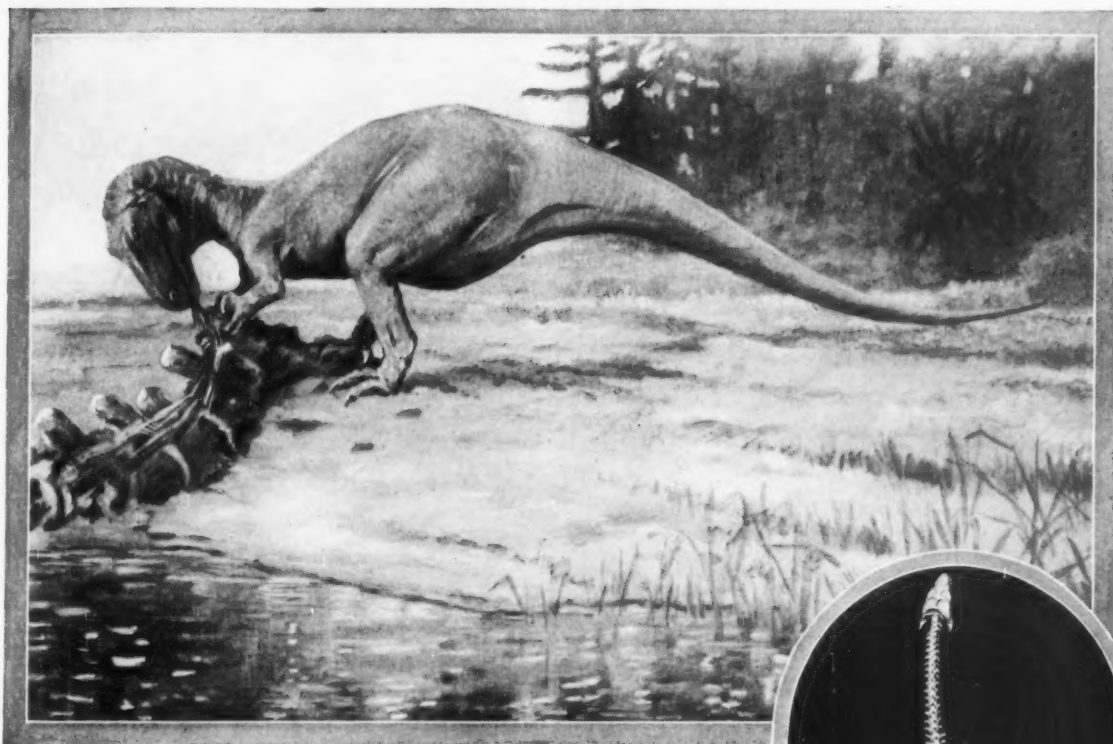
with a neck like the many coils of a fire hose, and with a body like an unbelievable crocodile or turtle. He wrote about it to his friend, Professor Onelli, director of the Buenos Aires Zoological Gardens, with the result that an expedition has been formed and financed to go after Mr. Plesiosaurus, and bring him back, dead or alive, for the curiosity of the eager scientists and the gaping South American public.

Harpoons will be necessary for the capture of this amphibian, and, if his tread is more terrific than that of the elephant, care will have to be taken that, should Mr. Plesiosaurus be basking in the

tropical sun, one twist of his flapper does not annihilate the entire expedition. Rather than capture him, I am all on the side of the Buenos Aires Humane Society, which has registered a plea that should the prehistoric gentleman *really* be alive, it would be better, for him and for our further understanding, to leave him alone in his haunts and to study him from a safe distance, in the hope that where he is there will be also a Mrs. Plesiosaurus, and several little ones.

They are off for adventure—Professor Onelli and his enthusiastic co-workers of the Buenos Aires Zoological Garden—determined to capture this strange object, whether it be plesiosaurus, glyptodon, or megatherium. They are carrying with them rifles used to penetrate the thickest hide of elephant; they are carrying rope for lassoes sufficient to tie up the *Mauritania*; they are supplied with enough dynamite either to scare the monster from his watery lair, or to blow him back into the age where he properly belongs. But should Mr. Plesiosaurus suddenly determine to turn over on his side while the expedition is in mid-lake, woe to the gasoline boat they are taking with them on the expedition. If stones do not disturb plesiosaurus digestion, why should a mere boat!

I should like to interview him—to inquire what he has been doing with himself these many millions of years, without betraying himself until now. I should like



© AMN. MUS. NAT. HISTORY

This is an allosaurus and Charles R. Knight has painted it in the act of devouring another of its kind. The allosaurus was a heavy-weight dinosaur and this one was about thirty feet long.

to ask him what he thinks of the present world, in comparison with the time when he flourished. Certainly, animals have deteriorated since the days when the carnivorous dinosaurs on shore flirted with the plesiosaurus nearby, or else had their deathly struggles for supremacy. The only impression I can create of the excitement in those days is to wonder what a Ford car would look like were there suddenly to sail down the main street of our town a huge armored cruiser. How we pigmy men would scamper, while the boat went its way unmolested! And so with one of these monsters. Stand by the skeleton of a brontosaurus, which is one of the largest of the dinosaurs, and you would imagine it to be, not the remains of a living thing, but a huge edifice erected by the steel works—the ribs are girders, the thigh bones are armor plate.

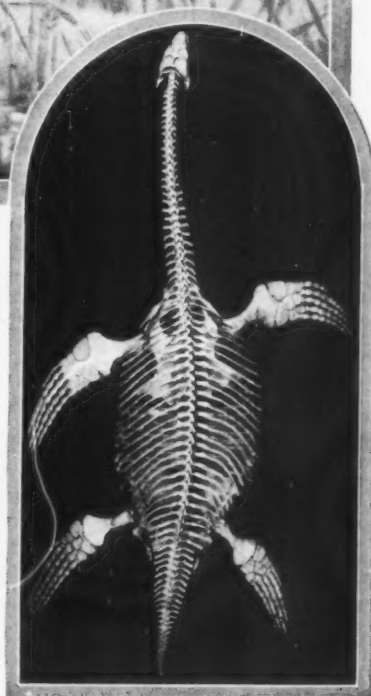
Mr. Plesiosaurus is not far behind in magnitude. If, by any chance, the Buenos Aires expedition meets with a member of his family in all his prehistoric power, I cannot envy the sensation they will receive, and I hope they are swift runners. For I have the record of one plesiosaurus whose head was two feet long, neck twenty-three feet long, body nine and tail seven feet long—a total stretch of forty-one feet. The snake resemblance is unmistakable, but the fish similarities are likewise to be seen. Have you ever stood by the side of a ship's rudder, or witnessed to good advantage the propellers, before they were set in motion? These would give you some idea of the size of the paddles, or rudimentary limbs, of Mr. Plesiosaurus, as he darted through the water.

The scientists can tell you a lot about this prehistoric monster, for they have

found his bones scattered all around in the geologic layers. They can indicate, through what they have found buried in the sands of time, that he was in the habit of swallowing stones, some of them weighing a half pound. The modern crocodile, we know, does the same thing. And so, by examining the structure of the crocodile, we can infer what the stomach of Mr. Plesiosaurus must have been like. He used his tail as a rudder, and his teeth were of goodly size, one foot long from tip of crown to base of root. This much we are told by the authorities. With his length of neck, he could remain in the water and search for food some distance in shore; he could dive to great depth. One writer, Dean Buckland, gives a very graphic description of the plesiosaurus as a snake threaded through the shell of a turtle.

Fortunate for man that he did not live in those days; but when he did come, there were animals of great size treading the earth. When I recall that the duck-billed species of herbivorous dinosaur—the land contemporary of the plesiosaurus—had about two thousand teeth in both jaws, the largest alligator of the Floridian underbrush and the largest whale afloat have no terrors for me. You couldn't make a pet of these, yet if you catch a lizard, and worry it a bit, you will in reality be playing with a miniature dinosaur. The dinosaur was the monarch, just as the elephant, the rhino, and the hippo are the monarchs to-day—not in strength and brain, but in bulk.

The news that a plesiosaurus, like Rip van Winkle, has just awakened from a long sleep of millions of years, and is again at his old tricks, cannot be taken too seriously. Geologic change does not work

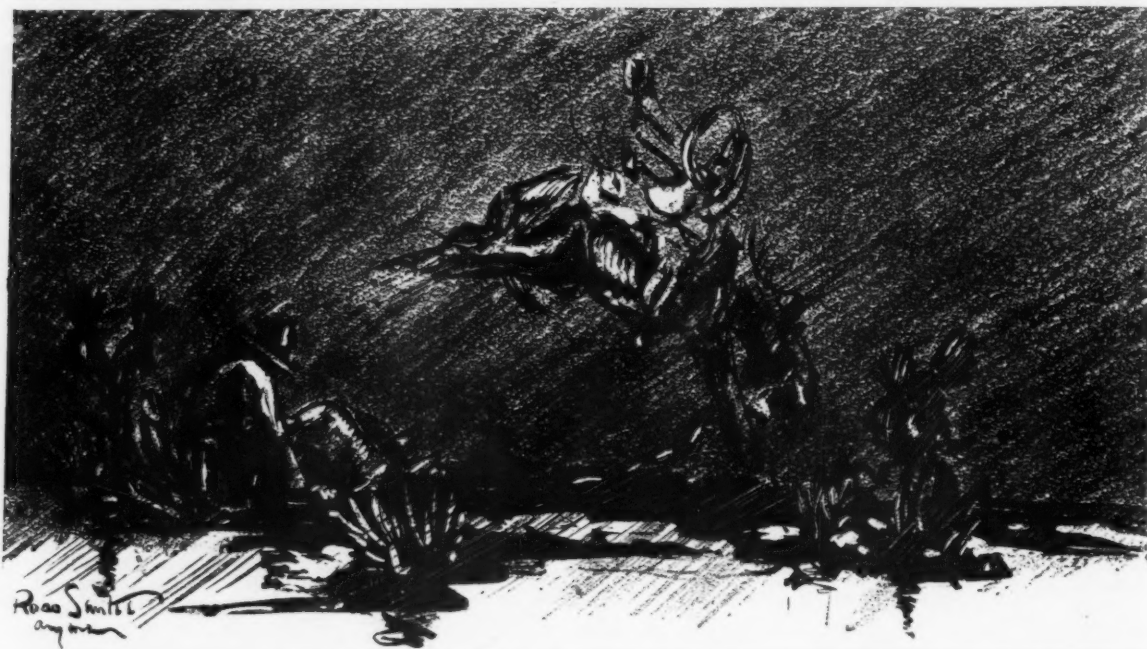


You can see this restored skeleton of a small plesiosaurus in the American Museum of Natural History. It is about nine feet from nose to tail tip. The illustrations on this and the opposite page were furnished through courtesy of the Museum.

that way. A few years ago news was circulated that in the Belgian Congo a dinosaur had been seen strolling around its old haunts.

There is every likelihood that there are animals still roaming the fair earth about which we know nothing. But climatic change, and the laws of evolution, and the entombing of past life and vegetation by sweeping geologic upheavals, point to the elimination, through the ages, of one type of life in favor of another. The plesiosaurus existed in a time between the age of invertebrates and the age of mammals. They were in the ascendancy in the Cretaceous period of reptiles. And then

(Concluded on page 554)



"I ain't takin' any chances so I hangs old bonnet on a post while I let the hammer down on Mr. Bronc. He rags a little when I step across but

I ain't ridin' with my head in any sack this time an' while I gits the snake uncocked an' head for town. I'm almost peaceful when the sun comes out."

Shorty Buys a Hat

By Ross Santee

Illustrations by the Author

"I'M HEADIN' for the wagon yard to feed my horse," began Shorty, "when this hombre speaks to me. He's standin' in the doorway of a little store below the bank.

"Come in out of the rain," he says, 'an' how's things lookin' out your way?'"

"That's Brown, I'll bet a hoss," said Slim.

"Friend of your'n?" asked Shorty.

"Not exactly," said Slim, nearly putting the fire out. "But most every puncher trades with Brown at one time or other. He sold me a pair a boots onc't I couldn't get into with a can opener."

Shorty looked relieved.

"I'm new in the country," said Shorty, "and since he's sort of pleasant like I stop to auger him awhile.

"Where ya workin' now?" he says.

"When I tell him I'm fightin' brones for the Cross S outfit he opens up and names a lot of peelers that I knowed.

"They're friends of mine," says he, 'an' they all trades with me. Come on inside and let me show ya what I got. Don't stand there in the rain."

"I don't want to buy nothin'," I says.

"Of course, you don't," says he. "Come on in anyway and make yourself ta home, for all the boys hangs out with me when they hit town."

"He must have showed me several thousand dollars' worth of stuff. An' talkin' all the time about the boys I knowed who trades with him. A dozen times I start to leave, but he keeps draggin' down more stuff and so I stick around. I'm casin' for the door when he tops me with a big black hat. It's miles too big. The rim's below my ears.

"The sheriff bought one yesterday," he says. "He's an old cow man an' buys the best. He always trades with me."

"I don't like a black hat," says I, 'an' besides, this hat's too big."

"With that he goes and puts five lamp wicks in the lid and has his wife come in. She leads me over to a glass and then starts tellin' me how well I look.

"A man of my complexion shouldn't think of wearin' anything but black. I didn't look so bad at that. Of course, I didn't want the hat, but since he'd been so nice in showin' all the stuff and his wife bein' sort of pleasant like, I finally buys the lid.

"It's pourin' rain when I leaves town and the old hat weighs a ton. I ain't any more than started when it's down over both ears, an' by the time I hit seven mile it's leakin' like a sieve. I'm ridin' a brone that's pretty smuffy, an' every time I raises the lid enough to git a little light,

I see him drop one ear. I finally decides to take the lamp wicks out altogether. I'm tryin' to raise the lid enough to see somethin' besides the saddle horn when the old brone bogs his head. I make a grab for leather when he leaves the ground, but I might as well have a gunny sack tied over my head, for I can't see nothin'. When he comes down the second time I'm way over on one side. When he hits the ground the third jump, I ain't with him. I'm sittin' in the middle of the wash with both hands full of sand. I finally lifts the lid enough to see the old brone headin' for the ranch. He's wide open an' kickin' at his paunch.

"It's gettin' dark an' instead of a rain the whole sky's leakin' now. I hangs my spurs and chaps up on a bush and hoofs it for the ranch. It's nine miles as near as I can figure out, an' the rain don't help my feelin's none. By the time I've gone a quarter the thought of that Dry Goods Pirate has me seein' red. I can't even manage to build a cigarette. My boots is full of water, an' when I hangs a foot in a cat claw and falls for the third time killin's too good for that hombre in the store. I'm stumblin' along with that hat down over my eyes when I falls into Oak Creek. By the time I gits across I could have strangled his wife and child. I don't

remember much about the last four miles but when I gits to the ranch house, I'm talkin' to myself.

"The old bronc's standin' in the middle of the corral as I come polin' in. He's a heap cooler than I am by now. But the sight of that black hat starts him snuffin' again. But I don't blame him much at that, until I takes the saddle off and finds the blankets gone. I builds me up a fire and stirs some chuck together. It helped a lot, but I ain't feelin' none too well, so finally I turns in.

"When I wakes up I'm feelin' fine, but the sight of that black hat soon gits me on the prod. Wranglin' afoot don't help any, an' about the fourth time that hat slides down over my eyes I know I'm goin' to town. I slipped Old Cedar in my shirt front an' stuff a couple of papers in the hat alongside the lamp wicks. I ain't takin' any chances so I hangs old bonnet on a post while I let the hammer down on Mr. Bronc. He rags a little when I step across, but I ain't ridin' with my head in any sack this time an' I gits the snake uncocked an' head for town.

"I'm almost peaceful when the sun

comes out, but last night's sign there in the wash still keeps me gee'd up some. I'm gone about a mile when I finds my navaho a hangin' in a bush,

which helps my feelin's a heap. An' while I'm puttin' on my spurs an' chaps at seven mile, I almost laugh the way that bronc unloaded me. The sun takes most of the killin' out of my mind, but anyway I head for town. I'll tell that Dry Goods Pirate what I think an' make him eat that hat, an' as I jog along I figure out my speech.

"He's in the store alone when I ride up.

"'Hello,' says he, but I don't pay him any mind.

"'There's your old black hat,' says I, athrowin' the lid down on the counter.

"'What's the matter with it?' says he.

"'Ain't nothin' the matter, only you sold me a black hat I didn't want an' five lamp wicks an'—"

Shorty raked a coal from the fire and lit his cigarette.

Slim loved a fight.

"What happened?" he said leaning forward.

"I'll be doggoned if he didn't sell me a shirt an' six pairs of socks before I could get out of the place."



"The sight of that black hat starts him snuffin' again."

ANOTHER dramatic installment of the adventures of the great Black Pearl, written with his usual warmth of color by Atreus von Schrader, will appear in next week's LESLIE'S.



"I hangs my spurs and chaps up on a bush and hoofs it for the ranch. It's nine miles as near as I can figure out, an' the rain don't help my

feelin's none. By the time I've gone a quarter the thought of that Dry Goods Pirate has me seein' red. I can't even manage to build a cigarette."



A typical residence street in Hollywood, Cal. If one noisy moving picture star happens to rent a house in a row of homes like this, the good people at once take it for granted that everybody connected with producing pictures is exceedingly speedy.

One of the twenty-two churches in Hollywood. When anyone suggests to a sober citizen of the capital of Moriedom that he lives in a place that is—well, that is a bit different from other places, to say the least—the Hollywoodite replies: "Just look at our churches! They aren't by any means empty."

Where Hollywood Gets Off

V. The Star Must Answer to Our Children

By Louis Lee Arms

WHAT Hollywood wants to know is why a scandal within its circles calls for such painstaking cerebration on the part of the press. Because one banker robs are all bankers robbers, it asks. Granted Arbuckle, a comedian, goes to trial, does it lessen the fact that Harold Lloyd, another comedian, is as fine a type of young man as may be found in a day's journey.

There is something to be said for this. It assuredly is unfair of anyone to judge a group of persons by the lowest among them. Several State legislatures, conspicuously successful financial houses, the American League and, indeed, the American Legion, and the United States Senate, among other groups, would be embarrassed by such a formula.

The public, it has been my observation, is more critical of motion pictures than other institutions. Perhaps this is as it should be. Mothers and fathers have reason to inquire of Hollywood's play hours and the manner of its private life. No other institution so much influences the younger generation as the movies. No other group of individuals occupies an analogous position in the eyes of the child.

It is taken for granted in the case of all other educational institutions that the morality of the preceptor or preceptress shall be above reproach. Motion picture stars actually are more important as teachers than as mimes. Thus upon their shoulders is placed a responsibility that they may not have asked for but which they cannot evade.

Charles Ray and Dick Barthelmess in their private, as well as public, lives—as told by the press—are the Oliver Optics

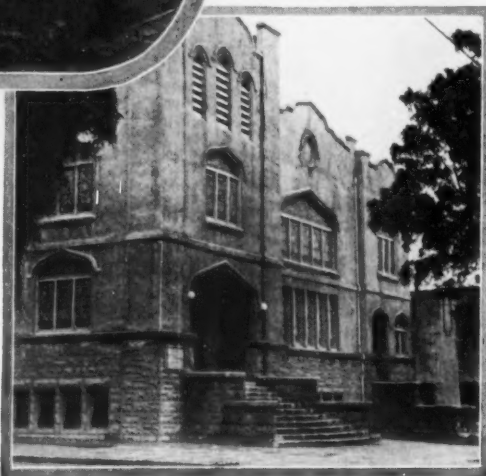
and Horatio Algiers of a pictorial age. Mary Pickford has it in her power to instruct more children than were ever reached by "Little Women" or any other book.

In manners, clothes and morals these celluloid artists impress the younger generation—and are imitated by it—to an extent far beyond the power of the preacher or novelist. Graphic art, in all ages, has been the simplest form of expression. Here are hundreds of thousands of dramatic scenes, touching upon every point of contemporaneous life, that may be understood by the most primitive intellect. Those who participate in these scenes are glorified by their publics.

This finds no counterpart on the speaking stage. Broadly considered, that public which supports the speaking stage is older, more sophisticated, less heterogeneous and far fewer in numbers than that to which the screen has made its appeal. The responsibility which the "speakee" owes to his or her audience is hardly comparable to that which has been placed willy-nilly upon the shoulders of the celluloid star.

Those who have had it in their power to bring home this point to the picture folk have never done so. It has been a matter of extreme good fortune that, whether or not the majority of the stars accepted this responsibility consciously, their private lives have been such as to reflect credit on the screen.

But enough of the black sheep have been permitted to go their way without tether to create an unfortunate impression among those who are not in a posi-



PHOTOS UNDERWOOD

tion to know the truth about our symbolic Hollywood. They have been misled by the fatuous and fat-headed professional "defenders" of the movie. These paid hallelujah artists have said that there was no fire where there palpably was smoke, with the result that the public's suspicions—since the public obviously was not getting the truth—are all out of proportion to that which is really deleterious in Hollywood and which it never would have done any harm to point out.

The public has the final word to say in matters that affect its welfare and it will be interesting to know what in the future it will demand of its screen artists.

Take divorce for example. Is divorce more to be regretted socially in Hollywood than in Kalamazoo?

Through a system of world-wide publicity and exploitation a motion picture star comes to be greater than any picture she may appear in. The majority of picture fans go to see Patricia Flicker, not because she is playing Amelia in a Fielding classic, but rather because she is Patricia Flicker.

Little girls imitate her curls; youths want to grow up and marry her. She is an international celebrity. Each day there is brought to her studio not a hundred but a thousand or more letters from admiring fans—the most of whom are children between the ages of seven and thirteen—soliciting autographed photographs.

Three secretaries are assigned exclu-

A panorama of Hollywood. Unfortunately, no picture can give any idea of its physical charms, which are everywhere apparent. There, as in other Southern California centers, architects who plan unattractive homes are non est, and Nature strenuously co-operates to please the eye.

sively to this influx of mail. Yet they rarely "catch up with it." I believe it is safe to say that in the course of a year no financial or industrial institution on the Pacific Coast receives so many letters as any one of several of our best known screen luminaries.

It is simply astounding—as though the younger generation were swept by an epidemic of celluloiditis.

Nor do all want photographs only. Not a few have been told by friends that they look like the star in question and ask if she can get them a chance before the camera. They will pay their own way and come unbelievable distances for the trial. Anything for a short cut to fame and fortune!

Others ask money. Hundreds want "cast-off clothes" and dramatize their needs with pathetic stories. Then there is the usual run of business and social correspondence.

Beyond this overwhelming inflow of mail one sees millions of eager young eyes turned toward an exalted personality. No pagan goddess ever received more of idolatry.

By comparison the President of the United States—according to the chronicles of ex-Secretary Tumulty—carries on a limited correspondence, receiving less than an eighth as much mail as comes each day to such a star as Norma Talmadge.

In several years tens of thousands of photographs of Patricia Flicker have been sent to the children of many countries to be enshrined somewhere in the home. For the star this may be only "good advertising." To the impressionable child it is much more.

Supplementing this personal touch—though, indeed, it would be impossible for any great star actually to handle her own mail and have time for anything else—there is the routine of publicity.

Behind Patricia Flicker there is a battery of sophisticated scribblers, who are paid to keep her in print. It is a matter of professional pride that they never overlook a bet. In newspapers and magazines the many virtues of Patricia are paraded before the public, or that part of it which may be persuaded to read.

She loves her home. She loves her mother. She just loves to bake bread, and so on.

Patricia Flicker comes to represent not only the best type of character to be watched on the screen but the finest to be encountered anywhere.

Then one morning the newspapers announce her divorce.

In the specific case of Patricia Flicker



UNDERWOOD

it may be there was every good reason why she should have elected to be free. But the public, regaled for several mornings with Patricia's divorce proceedings, arrives at the conclusion that it has been deceived. That which was advertised as gold proves to be brass. Yet the deception, if there has been any, lies not in the fact that a good woman may not be permitted a divorce, but that a superwoman should want one. There's the rub.

Patricia Flicker is merely a normal young woman in every respect. Yet in the process of quasi-deification for commercial purposes she has been made to represent a degree of sweetness and light that is rarely attained outside of old English novels. The public has been made the victim of a great illusion. In its natural pique it decides that in Hollywood things are not all that they might be.

This suspicion has had ample support in scandals which have reached beyond the divorce courts into the criminal courts. In the preceding article of this series I sketched the life and habits of the furious few, who have made of Hollywood a byword. But it is necessary here to differentiate between such as Patricia Flicker who, despite her divorce, may be a hard-working, self-respecting and even deserving young woman (if judged by standards of private life readily accepted in countless American communities) and the pure wastrels and hopheads. The activities of the latter are unlawful in any community and are eliminating their devotees from the screen as they do and will from any other human institution or occupation.

Divorce, on the other hand, is lawful, and marital difficulties are common to all walks of life. Divorces in Hollywood have been granted by the dozens just as they have elsewhere. A Los Angeles newspaper some time ago set forth the per capita rate of divorce among a large number of cities. While Los Angeles (which includes Hollywood) was well up

in the list—in fact, more than holding its own—it did not lead it. That dubious honor, as I recall it, fell to a city in Texas at which no one has ever pointed the finger of scorn.

Divorce in Hollywood is a kind of marital perquisite. No opprobrium attaches to it as an institution. If the parties to a divorce are criticized in their own circle it is invariably for extrinsic reasons.

For that reason the surprise of the public at Patricia Flicker's divorce is as nothing compared to her surprise that the public has been surprised—and taken umbrage. She had never dreamed of such a thing, because it had never entered her pretty head that the public requires of those whom it permits to pose as models for the young a different level of respectability from that condoned among the inconspicuous. Witness the case of teachers and preachers.

This is important. It opens an unusual field for speculation. No one in motion pictures is now worrying over that which has been merely rotten. This element is going through a process of inevitable self-elimination. The interesting question in their minds is whether in the future the public is going to demand of motion pictures a standard of morality that will compare favorably with that demanded of church and college.

Assuredly the influence of the screen is as great as either, or both, of these. In the most prosperous era of pictures, 1918-19-20, it was estimated that 20,000,000 Americans went each day to cinema theaters. In an institution which thus exerts such tremendous influence on the everyday life of our people no one can say what will be required of its personnel in another decade.

(The final article of Mr. Arms's series will deal with remedies adopted or in contemplation by the motion picture industry itself to square the habits of its stars with public demands. This will appear in an early issue.)

GREAT BRITAIN AN ISLAND

According to the encyclopedia, the island is "a typical grass-covered Arctic prairie, noted for its interior granite cliffs, which reach a height of 2,000 feet." It is certainly "Arctic," as the members of both of the Stefansson expeditions can testify. Costumes like the one shown here are none too warm—especially during a cold snap about February.



This map is about one hundred miles off the northeast coast of the island of Great Britain. The British discovered it in 1849.



...er hoisted the British flag at Rodgers Harbor, July 1, 1911. ...an ...r Corwin, in search of the missing ...ll Island and our flag was planted there by a young ...now again in charge of the U. S. Coast Guard.



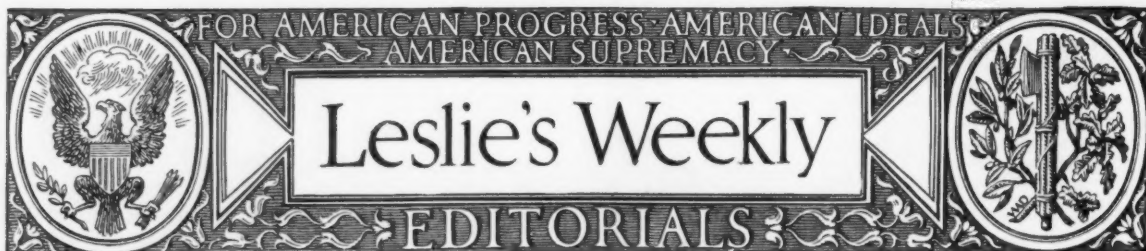
F. MAURER

King and Winge, the ship that finally rescued the survivors of the Karluk on Wrangell Island. The party, which is still on the island, is composed of four white men and four Eskimos. Three of the former are Americans: E. L. Knight, of McMinnville, Ore.; Frederick Maurer, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, and Milton Galle, of New Braunfels, Tex. Allan Crawford, a Canadian, is the leader of the expedition.



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Armstrong Point, one of Stefansson's base camps in the Far North. The bleak little island may some day be used as a base of approach to the northern shores of Siberia for the purpose of tapping the rich fur resources of the Siberian littoral; and military students claim that it may within a few years become a strategic point of importance to aviators. To-day, however, it is no place for those who like what Mr. Kipling calls "everything that goes with evening clothes."



Conducted by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Diverging Paths

TWO premiers were simultaneously upheld by their governments early this month. The votes were decisive; 482 to 84 for Poincaré; 372 to 94 for Lloyd George. Occasioned by the Genoa Conference, both have a wider significance. France commits herself, through her chosen apostle of militarism, to the naked sword of threat and intimidation, and, by inference, to an economic policy based upon impracticable reparations. Notwithstanding Lloyd George's sympathetic words for an ally, it is evident that, in indorsing his projects, the House of Commons looks toward a financial re-establishment of Europe diametrically opposed to the intent of France's impossible demands upon Germany. Reduction of armament is the British hope. It is France's fear. The significance of all this lies in the widening gap between the two nations. If, as many European statesmen now believe, the Anglo-French defensive alliance is to die a gradual death from neglect, trade conditions will inevitably draw England into constantly closer relations with Germany. Where France will be left in that event is a matter for her militarists to ponder.

Truth from a Diplomat

HOW clear a sane voice sounds in an unsettled world! Listen to Alanson B. Houghton, in his farewell speech, delivered with the fervor and conviction of a sermon—which, indeed, it might have been—on the eve of his departure as Ambassador to Germany. "First and foremost I do not believe in the moral or spiritual or even the economic value of hate. Hate serves no useful purpose. It is far more dangerous to those who hate than to those who are hated. It leads only to confusion and destruction." There speaks true statesmanship, sincere, simple, and unafraid. "Hate serves no useful purpose," words suitable to stand above the doors of every chancellery and embassy, to form a litany for the daily repetition of every official, to animate the spirit of every writer and publicist who sows words to reap convictions. Let the international propaganda of fostered hatred die of its own poison. The time is ripe for the sanity of the kindness and understanding. On that foundation alone can the world rise from its ruins.

Chains for Thought

WHILE other foreign observers have been looking at the outside of us and commenting with characteristic freedom, one visiting Briton has penetrated deeper. He is H. W. Nevins, a thoughtful and brilliant journalist who, in his good-by to America, leaves behind him a few shafts with barbs so shrewdly concealed that we hardly feel them quivering in our flesh until—

"Good-by to the land where Liberals are thought dangerous and Radicals show red, where Mr. Gompers is called a Socialist and Mr. Asquith would seem advanced. I am going to a land fierce for personal freedom and indignant with rage for justice."

Which is Mr. Nevins's subtly effective way of telling us that, in our panic condition of mind, we are forgetting our Anglo-Saxon devotion to liberty in a new servility which meekly bows to suppression, censorship and the prevalent policing of thought. So long as we keep conscientious objectors behind bars, regard as criminals those who, however mistakenly, stood to their creed of pacifism during the war (now over), forbid the

public reading of the Constitution of the United States when the reader belongs to some unpopular political sect, and permit lawless police to raid orderly meetings, so long will astonished foreigners from countries which have really recovered their freedom from the necessary restrictions of the war years smile when they hear us lift our voices and patriotically acclaim "the land of the free." Back in the days of Erasmus, interdicted books were chained shut in the libraries. In modern America we are still trying to keep thought in jail. It is our most disastrous heritage of the war.

An Academic Censor

MR. NEVINSON should have met President Atwood of Clark University. He is an Interesting Example. Concerned for the intellectual and political purity of the youth of his institution, he invaded a private meeting of the University Liberal Club and arbitrarily stopped a lecture by Scott Nearing. Now Professor Nearing may be right or wrong; much of what he says seems to us silly, and some unintelligible; but at least he expresses with honest conviction one side of a question of tremendous import. In stopping the speaker was President Atwood animated by the fear that his doctrines were too reasonable and appealing to be heard with safety by intelligent young minds? If not, why interfere? As a college president Dr. Atwood is probably, though not necessarily, familiar with the famous passage from Milton's *Areopagitica*: "And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter. Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing." It is as true to-day as it was 200 years ago.

Religion, Ltd.

IN 1820—mark the date—the bishop of a powerful Protestant denomination interpreted a tenet of his church as follows: "Dancing and theater-going are specifically prohibited to members. Inasmuch as we prohibit these iniquities (!) we could hardly be expected to admit to membership those who are responsible for their promotion." After all, this is quite in character with the intolerant early nineteenth century, just as it would be quite unthinkable of the broad-minded twentieth. But . . . just a moment! As a matter of pregnant fact that pronouncement was given out not in 1820 (pardon the momentary deception) but in 1920, and still stands as the nearest approach to the denominational declaration upon this topic. Surely a strange survival, and historically paradoxical since drama certainly and the dance probably are church born, being, in their inception, religious rites. It is encouraging to note that a distinguished lay member of the sect is now demanding formal repudiation of the stigma. "It is not the actor who is on trial," he declares, "it is the church." Back of this minor phase looms the greater question, perhaps the greatest question for the future of mankind: is religion to become a hedged and stagnant pool, constantly receding upon itself, or a broadening river, beautifying and enriching, while it purifies and sustains, the spiritual and social domain through which it flows to eternity?

As We Were Saying

By Arthur H. Folwell

Nature Studies by W. E. Hill



Four generations, old style.



Four generations, standardized.

THIS—whatever else it may be—is an age of standardization. Everything is standardized, from rivets to ocean steamships. Rash is he who expresses individuality. And now, this spring, we have standardized girls. It is not a mere matter of fashion; fashion allows certain leeway of choice. The standardized girl, with her collegiate hat, bobbed hair, long scarf and short coat and skirt, might have been punched with a metal die, by the dozen or by the gross. Two standardized girls are as much alike as two tile-walled quick lunch restaurants, or two kitchenette apartments. And most disturbing feature of all, the dress of the standardized girl is sensible. It cannot be laughed away, as puffed sleeves were. Indeed, it is so sensible that it is liable to spread to all woman-

kind, and what this may mean, pictures can show better than words. We shall have the standardized family group. In the familiar photograph known as "four generations"—the baby, her mother, her grandmother and great-grandmother—all four will be dressed precisely alike. Great-grandmother, in the place of honor, will wear the collegiate hat, the long scarf and the rest of it instead of the Victorian cap of white lace and the dress of conservative black. On her knee will sit little "fourth generation," in short clothes, but no shorter than mother's, grandmother's or great-grandmother's. Standardized, each and all. It is coming fast. The picture on this page may not even be the first. Likely enough, you will find the standardized quartet in almost any photographer's showcase.

THE RADIO IN BASEBALL

WITH the very air a-tingle with wireless songs, wireless speeches and wireless crop reports, he who suggests further uses to which the radio might be put will take his life in his hands. But here goes! The radio should be hitched forthwith to the coaching lines of professional baseball.

There are plenty of great pitchers, and plenty—if Babe Ruth will pardon us—of great batters, but there is, and there has always been, a scarcity of great coaches, monologue men of the diamond who help give the crowd its money's worth. There can never be enough to supply the demand. But now that the wireless telephone has come, the shortage is of little consequence. One—just one—first-class coaching comedian will do.

At every major league baseball park there should be two radio receiving sets, each equipped with an amplifier and a megaphone. One of them should be installed on the coaching lines back of first base; the other, back of third. And then, at a central broadcasting point, it matters not where, the best light comedian among ball players—somebody in the Arlie Latham, Germany Schaeffer or Hughey Jennings class—begins each afternoon about 3.30 a peppy line of baseball chat-

ter, full of "Eeee-yahs" and "attaboys," and gives every ball park in the circuit, instead of just one, the benefit of his enlivening patter. It doesn't make any difference what he says so long as—

What's that? This has already been proposed by the Radio Editor of Spalding's "Baseball Guide"? Oh, very well. It's always the way. We thought we had hit upon a new idea.

* * *

DENATURED GENIUS

SOME literary men of high repute have been discussing the relationship of alcohol to literature. Two or three of the more outspoken ones come brazenly forth with the theory that literature owes a big debt to Bacchus, Barleycorn & Co. They more than intimate that if certain geniuses hadn't hit it up pretty freely, some choice examples of English literature might never have been given to the world. One of the parties mentioned was Poe. As it has long been conceded that Poe liked his toddy, no confidence is broken in saying so. Also, as there is no questioning Poe's right to literary laurels, one may speculate upon his place in literature had malted milk or iced tea been his favorite tippie. Perhaps this might have been—

THE BELLS

There are various kinds of bells. Among them may be mentioned sleigh bells, wedding bells, alarm bells and funeral bells. Each has its own peculiar sound.

And thus, under supposititious circumstances, might have been written the account of

ANNABEL LEE

Suddenly, from chill, Annabel Lee. Intermat at convenience of family in Seaside Cemetery.

And, last for this occasion, this is what might have been the fate of

THE RAVEN

The other night about twelve o'clock, when I was all in and trying to read, I heard a rapping first at the door of my room, then at my window shutter. I opened up, wondering what fool friend would think of calling at such a time of night, when in walked a raven. Some bird! All it could say was "Nevermore." It perched atop my bust of Pallas, and as far as I know, it's there yet.

Perhaps, in view of what literary authorities are presuming to say, we shall be obliged to revise our definition of genius. Possibly, genius should be defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains in the mixing of one's tippie.

* * *

A British scientist has found a way to split atoms. No hurry. Why not wait until people get through splitting hairs?

FROM THE WHIRLIGIG OF THE



People passing along the National Highway from Indiana to Ohio are often attracted by a peculiar musical sound when they are nearing Camden, O. The sweet strains come from immense chimes, erected by Winter Stewart, a college-bred, globe-trotting farmer. Here (at the left) is one of several that are on his farm. He says that it requires months to get the contrivance in tune by adjusting the various weights and pendulum wires. This particular one carries stone lids, plowshares, hand saws, a binder seat and numerous bits of metal. A fan-like apparatus on the upright wheel causes it to revolve, thereby whirling the horizontal ones.



BUNTING

Did a cyclone cause the wreck seen at the right? It did not! The demolition was done in a fraction of a second by one single army truck that got away from its driver and crashed down upon the building (used as a barracks) from a road on a nearby hill. Luckily there was no one in the edifice at the time the grand smash occurred.

SGT. ALBERT BURTON



© UNDERWOOD

Have you seen it? It's called "Big Six," and it's one of the most interesting baseball games ever produced. Christy Mathewson—than whom there was never a cleaner, finer sportsman—has just invented it. The player on the left is Jim Mutrie, father of the New York Giants.



Pretty snappy, eh? They are Elon students, en route to view the annual homecoming. The man at the end of the line is wearing the famous prescribed Elon garb; the rest are not. They are not very hard—fully as hard as the rest of our Eastern students.

OF THE WORLD'S NEWS



KEYSTONE
Prince Henry of England (left) doing his darndest to win the Grafton Hunt steeplechase. He rode a jolly good race, but W. A. Low, with less blue blood but a faster mount, nosed him out for first place.

KEYSTONE
"Garden soldiers" from Sophomore Dancing class of Smith College. They are (left to right): Mary Louise Woods, of Hickley, Pa.; Barbara Post, of Mt. Vernon, N.Y.; Evelyn Lucas, of Dallas, Tex.; Katharine Don-Walls, of Middlebury, Conn.; Marcella Miller, of Denver, Colo.; Mary Miller, of Allentown, Pa.; Harriet Tyler, Brookline, Mass., and Gene Yard, of Trenton, New Jersey.



COURTESY IRVIN ENGLER
To give a touch of realism to the "Days of '49" celebration, to be held May 23-28, in Sacramento, Cal., a number of prominent citizens have begun a "Whisker Race." This (at left) is the start. To the whisker raiser who has the most beautiful adornment at the end of nine weeks will go the prize.



...the first annual half mile race held at their school. The chap at the left ... are not quite so formal, it will be observed. Life at Eton is as it is of our Eastern "finishing schools."



KEYSTONE
In the building above—the headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan, near Atlanta, Ga.—one will not find a portrait of Gov. John M. Parker, of Louisiana. Governor Parker (at right) thinks that the Klansmen are going a bit too far, and he has said so in no uncertain terms. As a result, he and the Klan are having a great fight.



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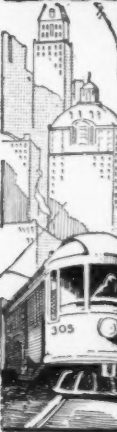
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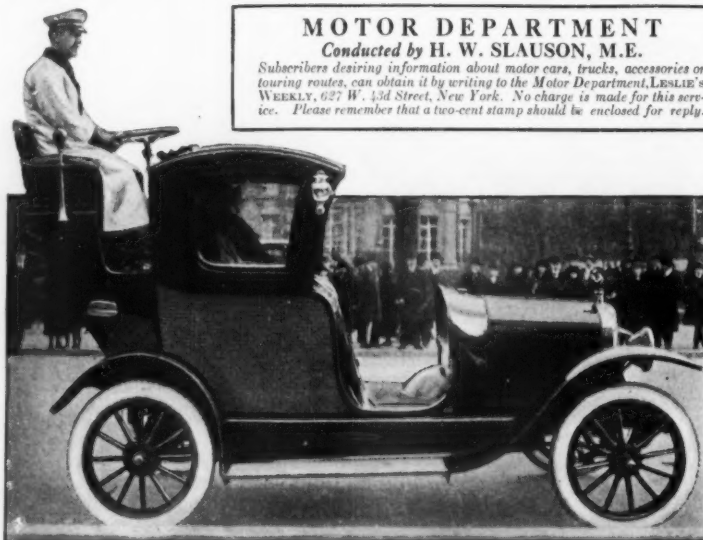
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Hidden Values in Motor Cars

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M.E.

Subscribers desiring information about motor cars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 W. 13d Street, New York. No charge is made for this service. Please remember that a two-cent stamp should be enclosed for reply.



© UNDERWOOD

Look what Paris did to an innocent little Yankee "tin Lizzie"! Upon its first appearance on the boulevards it was just as its relatives from Detroit generally are—unaffected, efficient and not particularly stylish. Later it came rolling forth from a garage as a thing of glory—"an auto cab," intended to help replace the old horse-drawn hansom.

ONE man may buy a high grade, specially constructed car. He may obtain excellent service from it, but at the end of from 15,000 to 25,000 miles he will doubtless find that certain repairs or adjustments are needed. He may find that such repairs and adjustments will cost from \$300 to \$500 and may attribute this charge to the same reasons that make the cleaning of a fine jeweled watch more expensive than that of the \$5 variety.

Our friend's neighbor may purchase a cheaper car made in large quantities and one which will not give evidence of high grade workmanship and design. At the end of 15,000 or 20,000 miles, however, the same work may be done on this second car for one-third of the amount expended on the first car—and yet the former may be called the better car of the two.

The reason for the difference in the cost of repair or maintenance of the two cars in question is not necessarily superiority of design or greater delicacy of workmanship on the part of the higher priced car, but may be rather a matter of *inaccessibility*.

Nowadays, more than ever before, time is money. The actual value of the materials required in tightening bearings, grinding valves and cleaning carbon and other incidents of general motor overhaul may amount to but \$4 or \$5. The value of the time required to accomplish this work, however, may amount to several hundred at the prevailing rates of \$1 to \$1.50 per hour.

The high grade car designer of to-day who understands his business thoroughly, pays as much attention to accessibility and ease of repair and adjustment as he does to high motor efficiency. The average purchaser probably cannot digest at a glance the features of design which may add or retard the ease of disassembly or

assembly. The most complicated multi-cylinder engine may appear to be woefully inaccessible to the unpracticed eye because of the number of parts which may need to be removed; however, such a car may be actually more accessible than one possessing only a fraction of this number of parts, and yet one bolt, screw or nut of which may be so located as to require the removal of every extraneous part.

Therefore it is not wise to condemn a certain car because the salesman for a rival make may state that overhead valves, overhead cam shafts, integral cylinders and the like make valve grinding and carbon removal an expensive operation. Under poor conditions of design, such features of construction will make for inaccessibility, but if the manufacturer is keeping the correct perspective in mind he may avoid such pitfalls and make the removal of cylinder blocks and valve mechanism almost as simple as the popular and efficient removable head.

Special tools and wrenches designed for indirect operation have helped to solve many difficulties, but if such apparatus is required for the removal of an important portion of a car it should form a regular part of the tool box equipment furnished by the manufacturer. No owner of a car cares to be restricted in his repairs or adjustments to the garage or service station furnishing service on this particular make of car. On the other hand, it is of course desirable that the more difficult repairs and adjustments be left to the service station, all the employees of which are familiar with the special operations required by that particular make of car. An intelligent repair man, through long association with one certain design, can become expert in valve grinding, generator adjustment and the like so that familiarity in this case breeds, not contempt, but efficiency and greatly reduces

the repair bill. Such men know exactly what tool to use on each recalcitrant nut, the order in which certain parts should be removed the better to leave others accessible, and other "tricks" of repair over which a high grade mechanic unfamiliar with that particular construction might spend two or three times the number of hours otherwise required.

It is not only the design of the engine itself that plays an important part in the expense of car upkeep. The location of the power plant in the car and the adjustment of accessories such as carburetor, timer and generator may add complications not existing on the "bare" engine. Nuts which are easily reached when the engine is placed on its exhibition stand may be well-nigh inaccessible when it occupies its regular position in the chassis, for the frame or other portions may interfere with the operation of the required tools.

In like manner a stripped chassis may give the appearance of great accessibility, but on the completed car, floor boards difficult of removal may so cover essential parts such as grease cups and other lubricating devices and adjustments that they will be left unused until dangerous squeaks and rattles indicate that wear has set up its deadly work.

But even the accessibility of the simpler parts of the car is too often ignored by the average designer. Fan belts are subjected to constant wear and deterioration in many instances through the oil and grease always present. Fan belt removal should be a comparatively simple matter, and yet in too many designs it may require loosening of nuts on the radiator, removal of hose connections or other portions which might seem in no wise allied with fan belt replacement. If in loosening radiator bolts it is found necessary to employ special tools not furnished with the car because of the inaccessibility of the heads, a supposedly simple operation becomes a complicated and expensive job, worth in time alone fifteen or twenty times more than the value of the material used.

These may seem like extreme cases and yet they exist in some of the so-called modern cars.

DO YOU KNOW:

1. What proportion of a truck load is carried on the rear wheels?
2. What is the principle on which the spark intensifier works?

Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT.

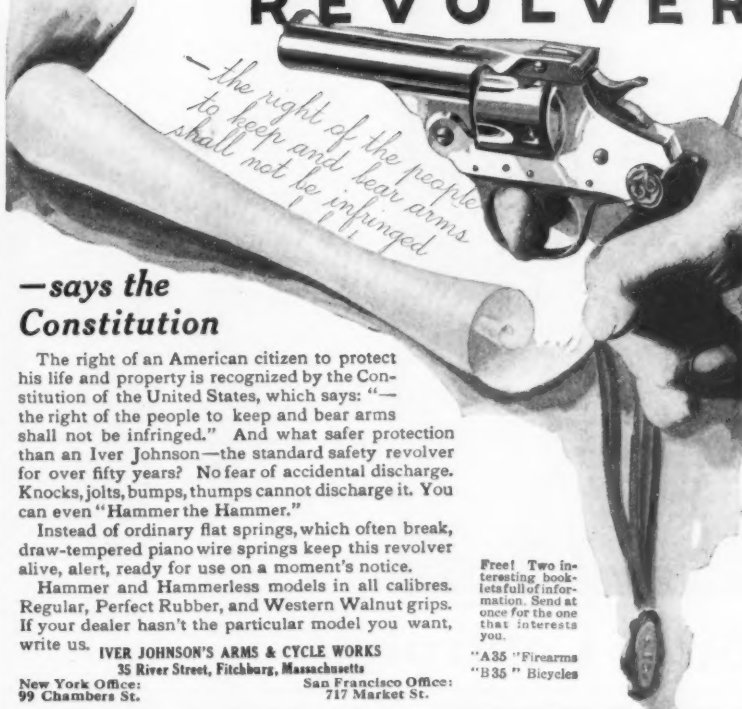
1. Why the inside of some cylinder heads are now machined to a perfectly smooth surface?

As we have noted before in this department carbon cannot so easily form on a perfectly smooth, glass-like surface. If the surface is left rough, however, as is the case with unfinished castings, carbon will accumulate rapidly.

2. Why oxygen burns carbon?

Oxygen itself will not burn; it is merely a supporter of combustion. Carbon will burn in the presence of sufficient oxygen or other supporter of combustion. The oxygen in the air is too much diluted to support the combustion of carbon. Therefore, when burning out oxygen by the oxygen process, the flame continues only so long as there is fuel (in this case, carbon) present to be ignited. As soon as the carbon is all consumed the flame goes out, for oxygen itself cannot burn.

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Radio Department

Conducted by

William H. Easton, Ph.D.

Subscribers to LESLIE'S are invited to turn to us for advice regarding the selection, installation, operation and care of radio receiving sets. No charge is made for this service. Address all letters to Radio Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 13d Street, New York, giving full name and exact street address. In case an answer by mail is desired a two-cent postage stamp should be enclosed. For information concerning the technical details of construction of receivers and transmitters the reader is referred to the several excellent technical radio journals to be found everywhere to-day.

The Future of Broadcasting

RADIO broadcasting is evidently going to undergo a considerable development. New uses for this remarkable invention are constantly appearing, and the ether should be thick with communications in the very near future.

The Radio Conference, held recently in Washington, has drawn up recommendations to permit four distinct kinds of broadcasting of interest to the public to be carried on simultaneously in the wave length band between 310 and 750 meters. These are government, public, private, and toll broadcasting.

Government broadcasting is that to be conducted by the United States Government, the various States and cities, and also the colleges and universities. The messages from these stations will naturally be mostly of an informative nature, but a special feature will undoubtedly be the speeches of the President and governors and the debates in Congress and the legislatures. It is also quite likely that many of the colleges will conduct a series of lecture courses by radio, thus opening up an entirely new educational field.

Public broadcasting covers the transmission of music, speeches, and news from such stations as WJZ, KDKA, and WGY. This kind of broadcasting will, of course, always constitute the principal attraction of the etherial entertainment. If the recommendations of the conference are carried out, all public broadcasting stations within a few hundred miles of each other will be placed on quite different wave lengths, so that the present congestion around 360 meters will be avoided and good receivers will almost always have several programs to select from.

Private broadcasting, or that conducted for the direct benefit of commercial concerns, will usually be of secondary importance, but it will add its quota to the possibilities of the radio receiver. It will be especially useful in serving crystal-detector outfits in localities at a distance from the public broadcasting stations.

Toll broadcasting is that from stations open to the use of the public on the payment of the tolls. This form of broadcasting has not as yet been attempted (although it will be in the near future) and there is a great deal of lively speculation as to its success. It will give everyone who desires to do so an opportunity to send out information about some article of commerce or social movement or new line of thought, or anything else they wish to tell the world. But the question is: Will the world listen, or will it prefer to turn to the music or speeches it will find elsewhere in the ether? Here is evidently a new field for the advertising man. His present business is to divert the attention of readers of newspapers and maga-



Miss Dorothy Francis singing at the Westinghouse Company's Pittsburgh Radiotelephone studio—KDKA. This studio is thirteen miles from the actual transmitter, which is located at the company's plant at East Pittsburgh. A telephone line connects the studio directly with the transmitter.

zines from stories and articles to his own particular message, and to him will fall the similar, but more difficult, task of obtaining an audience for etherial publicity. He will have to develop an entirely new technique to fit the new medium.

Below the broadcasting band, the amateurs will have a free hand. Before their activities were curtailed, it was always interesting to drop into the lower wave lengths and pick up the gossip and the musical numbers provided by amateurs. Their reappearance in full force will, therefore, be welcomed by all of the radio audience.

It will not be long, after a final governmental decision as to wave-length assignments, before all of these various kinds of broadcasting will be in full swing. When this occurs, almost every radio receiver will have something to hear at almost every point on the scale at all times.

THE SPEED OF RADIO WAVES

Every broadcasting station is equipped with several radio receivers connected to local aerials so that those in charge can judge of the performance that is actually reaching the audience. It is very interesting to listen to the real music with one ear and its etherial counterpart with the other, and thus be able to closely compare the two.

But the remarkable part of this experiment is that the ear with the phone hears each note before the uncovered ear, even though the performer is only a few feet away. It seems impossible that the sound can travel through the microphone to the transmitter, out into the ether from the antennae, and back again to the receiver more rapidly than it does in a straight line, but such, nevertheless, is a fact.

The explanation lies in the relative speeds of

sound waves and electric waves. Sound moves through the air at the rate of 1,000 feet a second, but the electric waves travel at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, or nearly a million times more rapidly. Thus, the electric waves can go across the Continent in the time it takes sound waves to go twenty feet.

THE TIME SIGNALS

One of the very useful services performed by several of the broadcasting stations is the sending out of the United States time signals every night at 10 P.M.

These signals actually originate at the Government radio station at Arlington, Washington, D. C. Their wave length is, however, much too high for the ordinary receiver, so the broadcasting stations receive them on the high wave length, transpose them, and then re-broadcast them on 360 meters.

The signals start at five minutes before the hour. They consist of a series of Morse "dots," and are sent out every second, except for certain intervals to mark the minutes and half minutes. Just before each minute (except the last one), there is a gap of five seconds; and before each half minute, a gap of one second. Before ten o'clock, there is a gap of ten seconds, and exactly on the hour comes a long dash.

PROGRESSIVE BRITAIN

By permission of the general post office officials, music and news can be broadcast in Great Britain for one half hour each week.

THE RADIO TELEPHONE IN THE MOVIES

Several motion picture theaters have installed radio receivers. The operator searches the ether until he picks up a satisfactory musical selection, and then, signaling to the house musician to stop playing, turns on a loud speaker. Audiences in Illinois have listened in this manner to artists as far away as Newark, N. J.

HIGH-POWERED BROADCASTING STATIONS OFFERING REGULAR PROGRAMS

All operated on wave lengths of approximately 360 meters.

WGI, MEDFORD HILLSIDE, MASS. (Amrad).
WBZ, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. (Westinghouse).
WGY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y. (General Electric).
WJZ, NEWARK, N. J. (Radio Corporation—Westinghouse).

*WYCB, BEDLOE'S ISLAND, N. Y. (U. S. Signal Corps).

KDKA, PITTSBURGH, PA. (Westinghouse).
WBL, DETROIT, MICH. (Detroit News).
KYW, CHICAGO, ILL. (Westinghouse).

*Actual wave length 1,550 meters, but can also be heard on about 365 meters.

LOCATIONS OF OTHER STATIONS

JERSEY CITY, N. J.	KANSAS CITY, MO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	DALLAS, TEX.
ATLANTA, GA.	DENVER, COL.
CINCINNATI, O.	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
MADISON, WIS.	LOS ANGELES, CAL.
LINCOLN, NEB.	SEATTLE, WASH.

In addition, several hundred small stations are scattered throughout the country.

A TYPICAL PROGRAM

The following program of one of the larger stations (KDKA) illustrates the general character of broadcasting service.

WEEK DAYS

10.00 to 10.15 A.M.—News and music.
12.30 to 1.00 P.M.—News and music.
2.00 to 2.30 P.M.—News and music.
4.00 to 4.30 P.M.—News and music.
7.30 to 7.45 P.M.—Stories for children.
7.45 to 8.30 P.M.—News, agricultural reports, weather forecast and speeches.
8.30 to 9.00 P.M.—Musical program.
9.00 to 9.05 P.M.—News.
9.05 to 9.30 P.M.—Musical program.
10.00 P.M.—Arlington time signals.

SUNDAYS

Church services at 10.45 A.M., 3 P.M., 7.30 P.M.

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\$7.00 & \$8.00 SHOES

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AGAINST
UNREASONABLE PROFITS



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Our \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. There is one point we wish to impress upon you that is worth dollars for you to remember. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. When you buy shoes at any one of our stores you pay only one small retail profit.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay one or two extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money. 151 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



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THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HEAVILY TAXED

DISCUSSION of the subject of taxation was never less academic, nor more timely, practical and urgent than it is to-day. Few of us have realized how very tax-ridden the American people are. Everywhere the tax-gatherer is eating into their substance, diminishing their means of subsistence and depriving them of the sinews of enterprise. The consequence is that all over the land the taxpayers are murmuring and in a mood of revolt against a condition for which inefficient public servants are held largely responsible.

Statisticians tell us that for every family of five in Massachusetts the tax total averages \$575, and in New York State \$535 per year. This is astounding and almost appalling. Many will term this the peak of plunder under the guise of law. The situation in several of the other States, if not quite so bad, is plentifully depressing, and to add to the blackness of the prospect it is promised that, in most sections of the country, the taxes will be increased and not lessened during the next few years. In our cities local taxes have been bloating rapidly since pre-war days. The amount levied on property in New York City is now \$60 more per family than in 1914; in Chicago \$70 more; and in Philadelphia nearly \$100 more. But that sort of thing has not been going on in the larger cities alone. This showing is typical of the smaller towns, also, census figures disclosing in them a large increase in the expense of administering their affairs. Villages and rural districts suffer similarly, and their taxpayers have as good cause to complain as have the residents in more populous communities.

Abuses of taxation have reached the dimensions of an epidemic. It may be argued that a greater part of the public obligations of country districts, cities, States and nation were unavoidably or wisely contracted and the payment of interest and principal of these cannot be avoided. So far as such an assertion is true (as it is in the case of our national government, which had to fight a great war) no blame can be attached to the creators of taxes. But it is a notorious fact that those who legislate for the people too often ignore sound business principles and the public weal. Too much politics, too much catering to special interests and too much initiating of unnecessary public projects account for a vast deal of the present oppressive levies.

It is an economic truism that no over-taxed people can thrive. All human his-

tory proves that, and true statesmanship will seek to make the burden of the taxpayers as light as possible. Administrative outlays should be kept within reasonable bounds and instead of looking for new channels into which to pour golden streams, administrators should conserve the hard-earned contributions of the people. Nobody who believes in government at all is unwilling to bear a fair share of the cost of maintaining it. But when taxes are exacted to bolster up extravagance and waste they are properly condemned.

Public sentiment has not been sufficiently vocal on taxation problems. The taxes are paid mainly by the minority of the people, those who are thrifty and successful. The great majority are not required to give the government any financial support. The non-taxpayers are not at all concerned over the demands on the taxpayers' purses. Pleas for a fair and rational income tax would have had more weight with Congress were it not that 90,000,000 of our population are not called upon to pay any tax on income. The much-opposed sales tax would at least bring to everybody a realization of what taxes mean, and might make us all more keenly critical of them.

Though he may not clearly know it, every American citizen, poor or rich, is more or less affected by the rates of taxation. The influence of heavy taxes on the course of business is so adverse that an anti-high-tax movement may be among the possibilities. If started, it should make great headway throughout the country. A national taxpayers' union would have enough power to make Congress, legislatures, boards of supervisors and city fathers more careful as to the imposts they inflict upon the people.

Answers to Inquiries

K., BUFFALO, N. Y.: All three of the stocks which you hold—Island Oil, Food Products and Continental Candy—are now extremely speculative. The Island Oil Co. is in the hands of a receiver, Food Products outlook is rather black and Continental Candy hasn't a much better prospect. If the market should have a boom, even these issues might sell higher, but there seems to be no immediate chance of that.

H., NEW YORK: A young man with a reserve of only about \$300 would do well to invest it in U. S. Steel preferred, Government of Brazil 8s, Standard Oil pfd. or Beth. Steel pfd.

S. GATUN, PANAMA CANAL: The Atlantic Fruit Co. has had an unsuccessful career. It defaulted on its 7 per cent. debenture bonds and it is to be reorganized. The bonds are necessarily speculative at present.

S., CALDWELL, IDAHO: The statement that the Idaho Power Co. was apparently not paying dividends on its second preferred stock, was an error. An authority closely connected with the company states that it has never failed of late years to meet an interest payment or a preferred dividend. The company, it is claimed, is strong and is not carrying a larger funded debt than it can easily manage. During the last two years dividends on preferred stock were earned eight times over, so that

the preferred shares certainly appear to be an excellent purchase and investment.

G., CHICAGO, ILL.: My advice shows that dividends on the preferred stock have been paid by the Kansas Gas & Electric Co. since 1910. This issue, therefore, has the merit of a good business man's investment. Middle West Utilities Co. has been paying dividends on its prior loan preferred stock, which also should be a good buy for a business man.

T., TROY, N. Y.: Here is a list of bonds that will yield you more than 6 per cent. on market price: International Mercantile Marine 6s, Hudson & Manhattan 1st and ref. 5s, U. S. Rubber 1st and ref. 5s, B. & O. R. R. 6s, Delaware & Hudson 7s, Diamond Match 7 1/2s, Great Northern Railway 7s, Kelly Springfield 8s, N. Y. Central 7s. When dividends shall be resumed on West Indian Sugar Finance Corp. preferred depends on the prosperity of the sugar companies with which the corporation has contracts. The sugar industry has been greatly depressed, but is looking up at present.

J., ATLANTA, GA.: Safe, sound 6 and 7 per cent. bonds suitable for the investment of a widow's savings of \$3,500 include New York Central deb. 6s, U. S. Rubber 7s, Pennsylvania Railroad 7s, Northern Pacific and Great Northern joint 6 1/2s, Diamond Match 7 1/2s. You might consider also U. S. of Brazil 8s. The first mortgage bonds of such organizations as Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Atchison, N. Y. Central, U. S. Steel, Bethlehem Steel, bear less than 6 per cent. and sell at prices which do not make that yield. They are considered gilt-edged and are safer for the investment of trust funds.

S., GRAND ISLAND, NEB.: The case of Chicago & Great Western common is not encouraging. There are arrears on the 4 per cent. preferred of 25 per cent., or more than the present market price of the preferred stock. It is possible, of course, that the common stock may participate in the coming boom, if there is one, and sell higher. But on general principles, the common is a stock to get out of rather than to hold.

H., BRANTFORD, ILL.: The Abitibi Power & Paper Co., of Canada, is a strong concern with possibilities, but it had to suspend dividends last year in order to conserve its resources. The stock is at present a speculation, though it may prove not to be a long pull.

B., HARTFORD, CONN.: Although a first-class bond would be safer for you, it would be reasonably prudent to invest your \$200 in Royal Dutch stock.

W., SIOUX FALLS, S.D.: It seems safe enough to put your \$1,500 into American Tel. & Tel. even at its present high price. The stock would be especially attractive on any sharp recession. It is one of the issues which should some day sell higher. North American is also an excellent business man's investment. If you care to diversify you might also consider American Woolen, paying 87, and International Mercantile Marine pfd., paying 86 with 84 1/2 in arrears.

M., WEST MIDDLESEX, PA.: Couden stock is paying \$2.50 a year and the company has great possibilities. Sapulpa Refining was an excellent purchase while it continued its dividend. With improvement in business, Sapulpa may yet regain at least some of its loss. It is not impossible that Midvale Steel will go higher, even if the company does not enter into a merger. Midvale is a large and strong concern and it should some day again be a dividend payer. I would not sacrifice the stock. I am not aware of any plot to depress the price of Oklahoma Producers & Refiners. The stock has not slumped very much from your purchase price.

F., NORFOLK, NEB.: Willys-Overland Corporation is reported to be doing better, which explains the firmer price for the shares. How much higher they will go this year no one can foresee.

K., CARLISLE, ILL.: It is impossible at this distance from the property to estimate the chances of the Ute Oil Company. So far as I know, no oil shale company has as yet been profitable. The trouble seems to have been lack of the right sort of distilling apparatus. If the new retorts will do the work the Ute Oil Co. may make a good record. In Scotland oil is being profitably extracted from shale. Until the Ute Oil Co. demonstrates successfully, its stock will be a speculation.

W., ONAGA, ILL.: I think that you made a good purchase in the Argentine 7s. The country has high credit and the bonds are undoubtedly safe. Apparently Van Camp Packing Co. 8s is an excellent investment, and good bonds for a bank to hold. The Paris-Orleans R. R. Co.'s bonds are guaranteed by the French Government and, therefore, are regarded as safe.

M., TROY, N. Y.: The dividend on U. S. Retail Stores stock was deferred because its chief subsidiary, the United Cigar Stores Company of America, had passed its dividend, owing to need of cash for its expansion program. A stock which pays no dividend is not very desirable carried on margin, but it seems possible that in the course of a few months United Retail Stores shares should work higher.

T., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: It seems likely that Norwegian kroner will reach par before 1925. So it is a pretty safe speculation to buy Kingdom of Norway 6 per cent. internal loan bonds. I believe that Cities Service bank shares will eventually sell higher and that if you hold them, you will not have to suffer a loss. It is usually well to take a profit on stocks, but Northern States Power preferred is an excellent stock to hold and you are getting a fine return on your investment.

E., FRANKFORT, KY.: Tobacco Products Corporation, which has been paying dividends in scrip for several years, lately resumed cash dividends and offered to redeem all the scrip with interest. It does not appear necessary to sell your shares at a loss. Hold them a while and you may be able to come out even, if not with a profit.

L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Pennsylvania Railroad stock is meritorious, though the dividend is moderate. The road makes good reports. P. & R. is of course dependable, but is selling high for its dividend. Bell Telephone, Philadelphia Electric and U. G. I. stocks are good business men's purchases. You can quite safely invest in any of these stocks.

K., FINDLAY, OHIO: The future of Island Oil is so uncertain that it seems to be taking a mere gambling risk to carry it on margin. The safest thing to do is to

get out of it. Western Oil & Land Co. has large holdings and is controlled by Midwest Refining, one of the Standard Oil group; I have, however, no statement of earnings, and it appears to be paying no dividends.

S., COLLINGSVILLE, ILL.: Eugene Christian apparently is a sincere man, but I think he overestimates the profit making possibilities of the enterprises which he promotes. Anyhow, Vitamin Food Company's stock is as yet only a speculation.

S., SEATTLE, WASH.: Westinghouse Electric, yielding 8 1/2, is an excellent business man's investment, as is Bethlehem Steel B paying 8 1/2. American Can is not a dividend payer and it has been pushed up many points during the past few months. Unless a dividend is declared its future seems to be discounted. Saint Paul pfd. is a non-dividend payer just now and by no means attractive from the investment standpoint. Attempts have been made to boost its price, with some success. Westinghouse Airbrake recently reduced its quarterly dividend from \$1.75 to \$1. Its present market price is higher than the return warrants. New York Air Brake has got out of the dividend paying class and is now a speculation. My preferences in your list would be Westinghouse Electric and Bethlehem Steel Co.

D., CINCINNATI, OHIO: The Pure Oil Co. is expanding its holdings and business and making excellent returns in dividends. The concern has probably a great future and its stocks and bonds are good business men's investments. Northern Pacific has had to reduce its dividend from 7 per cent. to 5 per cent. It looks as if with improving business it might maintain this new rate and in that case the stock would be a good purchase at present price. Great Northern, it is believed in some quarters, will also reduce its dividend from 7 per cent. It would be well to defer purchase of its shares until after the directors have taken dividend action.

C., HAYNE DE GRACE, MD.: As Couden & Co. is a concern of considerable strength and earning power I advise that you hold your shares rather than to sell them at a loss. You are receiving about 6 per cent. on your purchase price, and it would not be surprising if the stock should reach that figure before the end of the year.

R., TURTLE CREEK, PA.: Chandler Motor may not soon reach the price you paid for it, \$100 per share, but it is making a fair return on your investment. Reports about the company's business have lately been favorable. It is difficult to pick up as safe a stock, and making an equal yield, without the payment of more money, which, I suppose, you wish to avoid. If you sell it you might buy Western Pacific pfd., paying 86, Pan-American Petroleum, 86, N. Y. Dock 5 per cent., Royal Dutch, 85.20, Union Bag & Paper, 86. It is reasonably safe to hold Middle States Oil, and Royal Dutch is a fair business man's purchase, but everything considered I would prefer Mexican Petroleum 8 per cent. pfd.

W., BILLINGHAM, WASH.: French 7 1/2s, Chile 8s, and Cuban Telephone bonds are reasonably safe. Conditions in France are reported to be improving. French bonds have lately had a distinct advance. The Department of Seine bonds are well regarded.

C., NEW WINDSOR, ILL.: If you bought \$1,000 of Midvale Steel common, it would not be an investment but a speculation, as the stock is paying no dividend at present. The company is strong, however, and no doubt has a future, and the shares look like an excellent long pull.

A., KIEL, WIS.: Municipal bonds of the war-wrecked countries of Europe are not in any sense a "good investment." City of Warsaw bonds are among the least attractive.

S., NAPLEWOOD, MO.: Coco Cola had a big rise on account of the restoration of the dividend. It is selling sufficiently high for the present return. Rumors that the dividend is to be increased have not been verified. Atlantic Fruit stock is simply a rather poor speculation. The shares had a serious decline because of the weakened financial position of the company.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1922.

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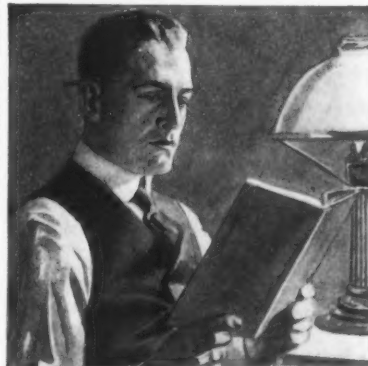
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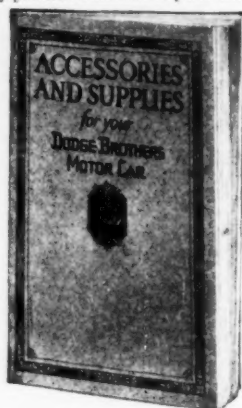
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Marks—and Easy Marks—(Continued from page 532)

tomers are regaling themselves with the paper or whiling away the time in some other way, waiting for something to happen, as it surely will if they wait long enough. I proceed to the window where my check must be turned in. A man arises from a desk some ten feet away, comes to the counter and bows. Then he bids me good morning and remarks that it is a pleasant day. As a matter of fact, no winter day in North Germany is ever pleasant, but as long as I have come there to cash a check and not to discuss meteorology, I refuse to argue.

"Will the Herr be served?" he inquires with anxious concern, ignoring the check I thrust at him.

"I would like to cash this check," I inform him. He gives a start of well simulated surprise and carefully examines the check. Nothing escapes his eagle eye—the date, the amount, the signature, even the printed words on the form are carefully scrutinized, though he has absolutely nothing to do with accepting or rejecting the check. Having satisfied himself that it is a check, duly and truly prepared, he returns to his desk, sticks a numbered and gummed label on the document, calls a messenger and carefully instructs him what to do with it, although the lad has done the same thing many times that day and several times more the day before.

The man then arises and solemnly hands me a claim check with a duplicate number. He then explains in great detail where payment will eventually ensue, although I know, and he knows that I know, from long experience, exactly what to do. While the check is being audited, tabulated, checked, rechecked and checked back, I go to the reading-room and smoke a cigarette. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes I hear my name called and wander over to the paying window. Far away I can see a man sitting at a table. He approaches me, bows solemnly and repeats the fiction of the fineness of the day.

"The Herr wishes to be served?" he politely inquires. I nod and present my claim check. He goes back to his table and compares the number with that attached to my check. Then he asks me the amount I wish to draw. If there are any thieves present—and they tell me that in present-day Berlin this is inevitably the case—there is excellent opportunity for the crooks to learn who is drawing down large sums of money. The bank official stands quite a distance from me and I must call out the amount in a loud voice.

This convinces him that notwithstanding my appearance, everything is in order. He then takes a stroll over to another part of the bank, opens a large compartment, removes a bale of money and counts out the amount to which I am entitled. I observe that he passes out the bills from the bottom of the handful like a crooked gambler. In spite of several years' experience with paper money, German business men and bank officials have not yet learned to count currency efficiently. They invariably

make mistakes once out of every three attempts, and it is always the practice to count the money three times. The hard-working bank official then journeys back to where I am standing, counts the money once more in my presence and in doing so scatters it like leaves in Vallombrosa all over the counter, so that I must rake the bills together in a heap before I can count them. Meanwhile, he goes away so that if I should discover a shortage in the count I am out of luck—that's all.

There being nothing further to do I bow to all and sundry in sight—and everybody drops his work for the time being to return the salutation—and with this I take my leave. No more than one half hour of my time has been wasted in the ceremonies, and, of course, an equal amount of time is used up by the bank officials, which passing incident of the day's work illustrates why the middle classes are so poorly paid. At that, they get all they are worth.

Such being the situation in the banking houses which are usually accepted as a standard of efficiency for all countries, it will be readily believed that conditions in the post office are even worse. There is always a line in front of the stamp window, and if ten people are ahead of you, it is a pretty safe bet that it will be twenty-five minutes before you will be waited on. Registering a letter or buying a money order is a solemn rite, besides being an ordeal that makes a demand upon time and patience quite beyond belief. It is no exaggeration to say that two United States postal officials get more work done in a day than twenty-five men at corresponding tasks in a German post office. The unavoidable result of this is that there is no limit to the number of jobs that can be created, and it follows that there is no limit to the salaries to be handed out to the boys who are "right," and as a consequence there is no limit to the deficit which the national budget discloses each year.

"They ought to do something for us," wails the public that suffers from the system. It is a typical German attitude. Inured to arbitrary government for ages, they find it impossible to do anything for themselves, although they now have the democratic machinery if they would or could operate it.

"Won't America do anything for us?" I have been repeatedly asked. The lack of manly pride and independence, which such a petition implies, never seems to occur to them. Their abjectness is not a nice thing to contemplate if you are a sincere believer in a democratic state. Even now they are ready to cower before the first man with a big stick who should happen along.

Social customs have also undergone a change with the advent of schieberism. When I arrived in Berlin I looked for some of the pleasant beer restaurants I used to know, with their quaint mural decorations and convivial mottoes, their excellent music and substantial cuisine. These places used to be the resort of quiet family parties who wished to enjoy an evening in public at moderate cost and without

being obstreperous. Not one of these places has survived in the downtown section and only a few are struggling against lack of patronage in the outlying districts, notwithstanding the food is still excellent in quality and according to American standards very reasonably priced.

These typical German institutions have been supplanted by flashy restaurants, similar to the Broadway lobster palaces of a bygone age. "Schieber-restaurants," the non-schieber contemptuously calls them, though he enviously wishes that he, too, had the price to make a splurge in one. But in these gilt and glittering resorts the wine costs forty or fifty cents a bottle and the "eats" would amount to at least as much again. So the non-schieber betakes himself to a modest hash-house, where a meal for himself and wife, including a few glasses of beer, can be had for about twenty-five cents.

Beer drinking has fallen into a decline. Innumerable little booze joints characterized by fancy looking fronts have sprung up all over town. There is more kick to be got from a given number of marks' worth of booze, than if the same amount were spent for beer, and so the non-schieber has resorted to spirituous liquor and neglects the native malt brew of his country. Over five hundred new places have opened up in Berlin alone during the past month. For two or three cents one can get a drink made of raw alcohol and syrup, sailing under a variety of aliases, according to the synthetic flavor that has been imparted to it. It is wild stuff, worst than the vilest rot-gut whisky that used to be served to roustabouts in the U. S. A.

In addition to being flat broke many of the non-schiebers are also flat-poor. This condition is akin to being land-poor. I am acquainted with the advertising manager of one of the biggest weeklies of Germany. His salary of fifty thousand marks is scarcely enough for the barest necessities. Eggs and milk are a luxury at his table and new clothes not to be thought of. His seven-room flat is much larger than he needs and owing to the scarcity of housing facilities and the exorbitant price of furniture he could sell his lease and equipment for at least a million marks on a few days' notice. He says if this money were invested in high-class second mortgages he could live on the income—provided he could find another and smaller flat and had the means to furnish it. But flats are not to be had at any price except through the agency of the Housing Bureau and furniture is beyond most men's means. Therefore he is compelled to remain where he is and sustain a larger overhead than his income justifies. His plight is a common one and if a man is lucky enough

to possess a flat he clings to it like a miser to his gold.

Nor is this the worst phase of the housing situation. Take the case of the *portier* of my hotel. The *portier* of a European hotel is not to be confused with the head porter. His position is really halfway between that of a chief clerk and a manager in an American hotel. Now, this *portier* told me that his family had been living in a cellar since 1917. After he had been drafted his wife became very hard up and could afford nothing better than this underground tenement. But since his discharge, he says, he has been earning fairly good money and is amply able to place his family in better quarters, if the Housing Bureau would assign him to a decent flat. This bureau has all housing facilities at its disposal and no landlord may rent an apartment without its approval or instigation. If this bureau does not provide a flat for an applicant the only other recourse is exchange, provided, of course, he is occupying a flat that some one else wants. But this *portier* has nothing desirable to exchange and evidently lacks the pull needed to secure better housing from official authority. So he and his family must remain in their gloomy cellar apartment where they are compelled to burn gas on the brightest and hottest summer days. Mephitic air and bad light have caused his wife constant headaches.

New houses are not being built. The House Owners Association has even bought brick and tile kilns and dismantled them to make building material as scarce and expensive as possible and forestall the erection of new houses. Hundreds of thousands of families are living in wooden barracks erected for war purposes, in cellars and in attics where light, air and heat are not only a luxury but quite beyond their power to attain. The *portier* who was telling me his experience seemed to be an otherwise intelligent chap but he spoke without resentment or passion. He seemed to regard the matter as an inevitable misfortune so long as the government "would not do something." As he talked so coolly and objectively I thought of the women of Paris in the Faubourg St. Antoine. They, too, lived in cellars and the bad air gave them headaches—but later they took to knitting in public and sat in reserved seats on the Place de la Republic when the tumbrils drove up. Perhaps it would help matters somewhat if the Berlin House Owners Association stopped buying up brick yards long enough to read a few chapters of history. Or it may be that this government of the people, by the socialists and for the big interests reckons with equanimity upon the inexhaustible supply of easy marks.

Hurdy-gurdy Society—(Continued from page 529)

one of a roving instinct and an acquisitive disposition is that of a monkey organ-grinder. The monkey organs being manufactured right along are sold to traveling grinders, who commonly make, my authority affirms, as much as fifteen and twenty dollars a day. They get their monkeys very young and train them themselves. Where? Why, there is a

place near by here. And who are the talented men that are hatters and tailors to organ monkeys? The grinders themselves; each suits his own fancy as to handsome dress for a monkey. These modern minstrels carry their own skillets for bite and sup. When the first breath of chill arrives in this climate of rigorous winters, and pennied people begin to be



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concerned with indoor affairs, they may make Charleston a starting point, going thither in the steerage of a coast-liner, and from there make a grand tour, turning up as far north as Buffalo when spring arrives. Some organ souls with a spirit in their feet wander from town to town as far as the orange groves of far-off California.

My friend raised the lid of a monkey organ to show me the mechanism within. On the under side of the lid was pasted this "program" of tunes with which this instrument was fitted:

Program	Waltz
Good-by, Good Luck, God Bless You	
Beautiful Ohio	
Always Blowing Bubbles	
Till We Meet Again	
	Song
Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia	
My Mammy	
Bright Eyes	

Formerly songs called "Il pianto della Lucia" and "Santa Lucia" had been included in this list, but the two songs last named in the list above had been substituted for them.

A hurdy-gurdy is operated by means of hammers and strings, a monkey organ has little pipes and a bellows.

Most of us, I think, are inclined to regard the instrument variously known as a barrel organ, grinder organ, street organ, hand organ or monkey organ as very much the same sort of an animal in its innards as the hurdy-gurdy. In fact, the pedigrees of the two instruments appear to be quite different. The encyclopedias instruct us, in substance, somewhat as follows:

The barrel organ, or hand organ and so forth, is defined as a musical instrument, generally portable, in which the music is produced by a revolving barrel or cylinder, set with pins and staples,

which open valves for admitting wind to pipes from a bellows worked by the same revolving cylinder. The pieces are played with an harmonic accompaniment. Elaborate instruments of this kind were early used in churches and chapels, and were in great demand for playing hymns, chants and voluntaries during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The origin of the barrel organ, it seems, is clearly established, and is found in the Netherlands as early as the middle of the fifteenth century.

In England these organs were known as "Dutch organs," and the name clung to the instrument even in its diminutive form of the hand organ of the itinerant musician. In 1737 Horace Walpole wrote of a thing that will play eight tunes, Handel and all the great musicians say that it is beyond anything they can do, and this may be performed by the most ignorant person, and when you are weary of those eight tunes, you may have them changed for any other that you like. The organ was put in a lottery and fetched 1,000 pounds.

The hurdy-gurdy, whose name is now loosely used as a synonym for any grinding organ, you will find is strictly a medieval drone instrument with strings set in vibration by the friction of a wheel. The hurdy-gurdy originated in France at the time when the Paris School or Old French School was laying the foundations of counterpoint and polyphony. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it was known by the name of Symphonia or Chyfonie, and in Germany Lira or Leyer. Its popularity remained undiminished in France until late in the eighteenth century.

At the Bureau of Licenses in New York you will be told, if you ask concerning the matter, that only seventy-three licenses for hurdy-gurdies were issued last year. There has been a steady decline in the number for the past dozen years. In 1914 a hundred and nineteen licenses were issued for the city.

Who'll Put Salt on His Tail?—(Concluded from page 535)

they disappeared. The smallness of their brains would indicate that any quicker witted animal or reptile would easily overcome them. We are told that the flora of the Mesozoic era was much like any tropical scene to-day around the Gulf of Mexico. Why, then, you may argue, could it not be possible for Mr. Plesiosaurus to be still a resident of those parts? Our only answer is that such is not the way of geology.

It may be that Professor Onelli and his Andean expedition will discover a monster turtle, and they may bring back some other as yet unlocated objects. I am not at all skeptical that something unusual

has been seen. But I doubt whether they will succeed in harpooning a plesiosaurus. Who knows but that Mr. Plesiosaurus is out himself looking for strange specimens of human life! Certainly, his kind never saw a man before, and hence, when the expedition comes into sight, Mr. Plesiosaurus may turn the tables; he may scoop them all up and take them to some Mesozoic Museum at the bottom of the sea, where the plesiosaurus children can note what peculiar animals flourish in the age of the motor car, which followed the extinction of the horse; in the age of the infinitesimal flapper, which followed the era of the unsophisticated American girl.

Sea-dawn

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

A SINGING ripple runs along the sand
Washing the ware-worn pebbles lazily
While far across the lambent waters, stand
The gleaming sails of ships bound out to sea.

And after them my great sea-longing cries
To cross the line, to round the gale-blown Horn,
And see mysterious stars and magic skies
Of isles, white-shadowed, eastward of the morn!

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CAN you imagine enough one dollar bills placed end to end to form a ribbon of money that would reach to the moon and back and nearly twice around this earth besides—in other words, about 520,000 miles? Some string of money, eh? To be exact, \$4,465,675,771! This sum measures the aggregate value of the imports and exports through the port of New York alone for the last fiscal year. It was greater than this for the two years preceding; it is going to be greater, much greater, in the years to come.

Because the port of New York is destined to be the greatest gateway of commerce in the world's history, vast plans for its development are now under way. What these plans are and what this huge public enterprise means to the progress and prosperity of the whole country is vividly described by Gen. George W. Goethals in *Leslie's Weekly* for April 29. General Goethals, as you know, is the man who built the Panama Canal; as consulting engineer of the Port of New York Authority he will have a great deal to do with building the new commercial portal of the nation.

The April 29 issue of *Leslie's Weekly* contains other notable articles. Leslie D. Bissell tells you new and interesting facts about the world-famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, which will be given this year for the first time since before the Great War.

More amazing revelations about the operations of stock swindlers are made by Theodore Waters in another installment of his series on "Brokers and Breakers."

Another enthralling story of the adventures of the Black Pearl is contributed by Atreus von Schrader.

And then there is "White Smoke." The title sounds innocent enough but when you have read it you will admit that Harry A. Mount has given you an unforgettable peep into the very dregs of life among the "bench warmers" of a great city.

Those are only a few of the features. There is the new *Radio Department* conducted by William H. Easton, Ph.D., who tells many things of decided interest to radio fans throughout the country. There is the *Investment Bureau*, conducted by Theodore Williams and filled each week with sound, conservative financial advice and information. There are the brisk, forceful editorials by *Samuel Hopkins Adams*. Also, plenty of bully, diversified pictures of people and events at home and abroad.

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